BAD TASTE—This year's RE-ANIMATOR

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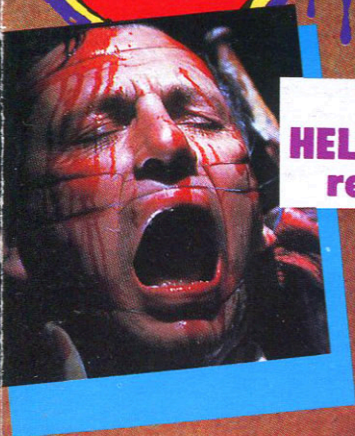

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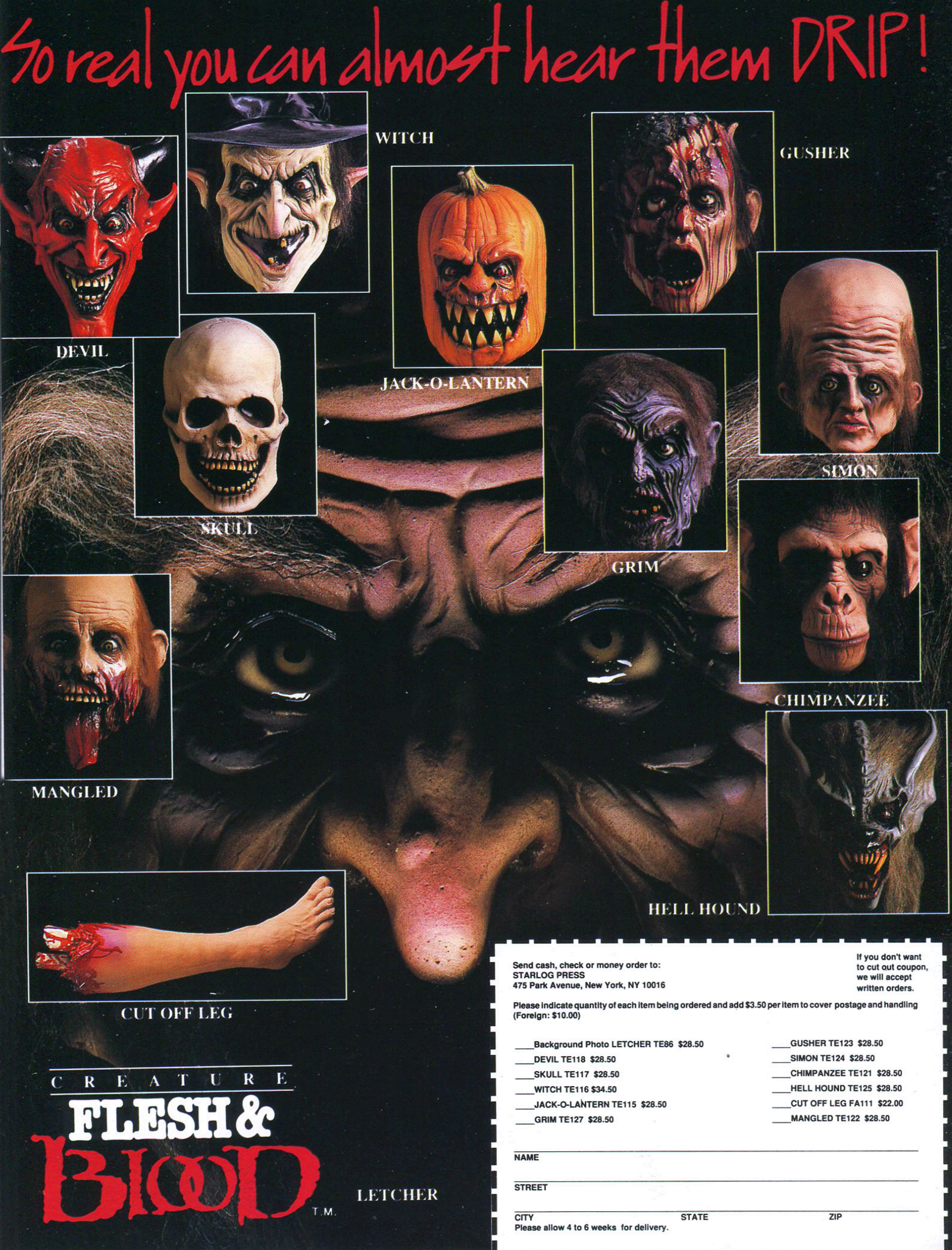
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January 1989 GOREZONE #5

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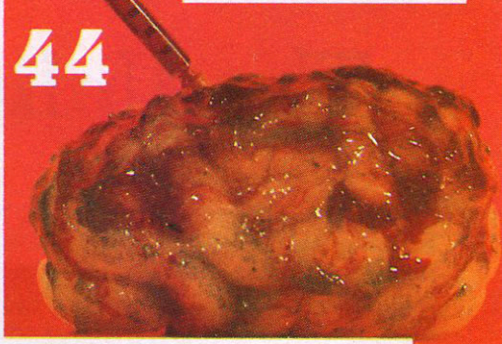
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BLOOD FEST

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

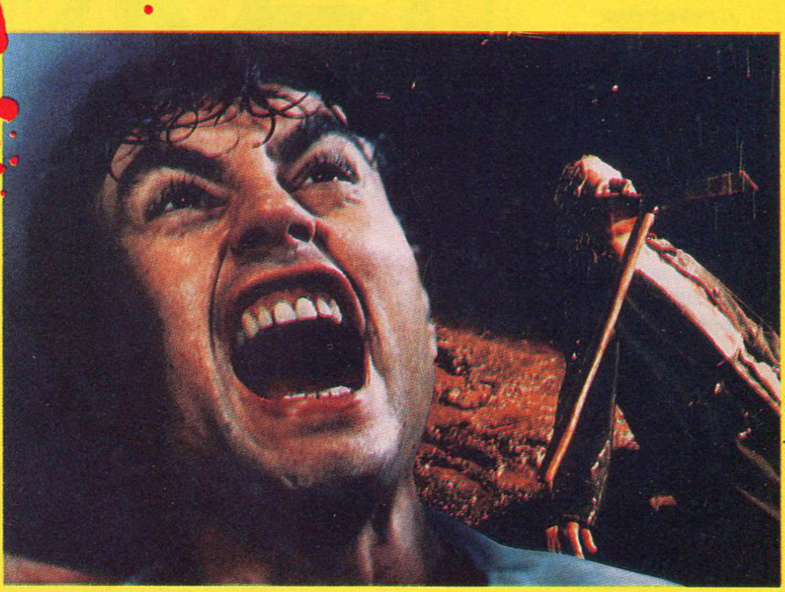

Photo: Imperial Entertainment

Fans of Eurohorror should keep an eye peeled for upcoming projects by Argento disciple Michele (*Stagefright*) Soavi.

The United Nations of Splatter

I have a small confession to make. When we originally started putting this edition of GOREZONE together, we had no idea that it would soon evolve into a special International Splatter Issue. As it came together, we soon discovered that every feature, department and review reflected a global theme.

Video Watchdog takes up where FANGORIA #78-79 left off, examining the sordid cinema of Jess Franco. To tell ya the truth, I knew next to nothing about this filmmaker prior to Tim Lucas' selective examination of his controversial work. (Well, I had suffered through *Count Dracula* and his Fu Manchus.) This short fellow has worked in more countries (France, Germany, Spain, etc.) and made more movies than any other genre director toiling away today. Thanks, Tim, for a fascinating and educational videography.

Continuing our globe-trotting trek, we visited New Zealand. New Zealand?!? Let's face it, that's the last place we expected to deliver a potential successor to *Re-Animator*. Here comes *Bad Taste*, a riotously gory exercise in, uh. . . well, bad taste. Several New Zealand readers wrote in heralding this blood-soaked item, so we dispatched raviolo magnate/journalist Mario Cortini to Cannes where he watched the film, wiped his lovely French girlfriend's vomit from his jacket, and tracked down *Bad Taste*'s jack-of-all-trades director Peter Jackson. Get ready for record amounts of evisceration and dismemberment from the land of the kiwi.

British bloodshed drips through this issue, too, as evidenced in our reviews of *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* and *The Lair of the White Worm*. Our critics tell us that both these new releases serve up gore-plate specials. And lest anyone call us anti-Uncle Sam, the American productions *Halloween 4*, *Child's Play* and *Twice Dead* fall under the GoreZonian spotlight. One country, however, stands out in this splat pack: Italy.

Despite the accolades garnered by the late Mario Bava, Dario Argento and, to a lesser extent, Lucio Fulci, a large number of genre buffs pooh-pooh Italy's significant horror output. Many refuse to overlook the irritating dubbing, confusing scenarios and unfamiliar Mediterranean actors. If Americans got to see these films in their unadulterated form, they'd give 'em a fairer shake. In the last month, I pigged out on Italian terror, screening nearly a dozen assorted titles. For my appetizer, I watched 1963's *The Virgin of Nuremberg* (a.k.a. *Horror Castle*). I just love this atmospheric winner's opening scene, in which a bride discovers a spiked victim in an iron maiden.

For my main course, I ordered four helpings of Argento: *The Bird With the Crystal Plumage*, *The Cat o' Nine Tails*, *Suspiria* (not yet legally available in the U.S. in any videocassette version) and *Tenebrae*. I enjoyed parts of the slow-moving first two, then got my breath taken away by the uncut others. Dessert arrived at midnight, no less than Lucio Fulci's masterpiece *The Beyond* (a.k.a. the truncated *7 Doors of Death*). It's the screen's scariest zombie movie ever and one of the rudest. A few spaghetti stinkers did cause me indigestion, namely the unwatchable bore *Miami Horror* and the visually satisfactory but cowardly *Specters*. This issue's Pastaland Roundup whetted my appetite for more.

It's time to put our nationalistic bias aside and sample a few international genre delicacies. They're at least a more challenging alternative to those American-made, direct-to-video amateur shows.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

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HORROR IN ENTERTAINMENT
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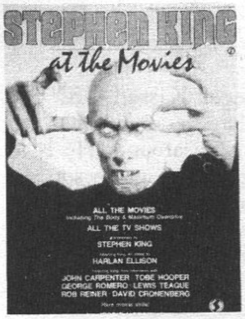
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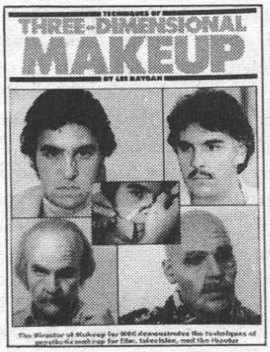
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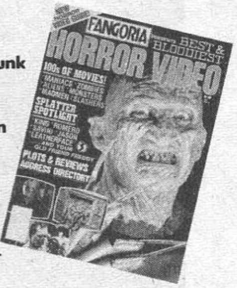
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GUT reactions

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Freddy not original? Next you're gonna tell us that the Bible stole from the Koran!

Krueger Kissed Off!

. . . Fred Krueger is the most innovative killer around. He is a perfectionist when it comes to inventing new ways to kill someone. But it seems I have seen the basic idea elsewhere, aside from Fred Krueger "the bastard son of 100 maniacs" and some of the killings. Remember *Dreamscape*? The idea of going into people's dreams and then killing them there, which in turn kills them in real life, originated in that 1984 film. Also, Freddy's "fingerknives" were used in *Dreamscape*. Well, I'm sorry to say, the *Nightmare* movies aren't as original as everyone thinks! Anyone who disagrees can write me.

Pat Roig
3405 Academy Drive
Metairie, LA 70003

The Critics Attack!

. . . I just bought GOREZONE #3 and it's great. But what happened to the Horrorscope seen in issues #1 and #2? Also, what happened to "the lowdown on Don Coscarelli's long-awaited *Phantasm II*" referred to in the Future Shock of issue #2? Are you ever going to have an article on *Phantasm II*? GOREZONE is wonderful, but I'm getting tired of the mess-ups in each issue's Future Shock. Please get it straight and have everything in upcoming issues that you promise.

Jeff Neal
Irmo, SC

The Future Shock column is not carved in stone; we just mean to give you an idea of upcoming features. If a film's status changes, so does our coverage. That's why we'll try to avoid referring to specific upcoming issues in Future Shock from now on.

. . . When I heard STARLOG was putting out a new horror magazine called GOREZONE, I said to myself, "This is probably going to be nothing more than a collage of bloody pictures and it'll never make it past issue #2." But I shut up when people started staring at me.

Anyway, I was totally wrong! GOREZONE is great in many ways. So far, it's been keeping very up to date with excellent articles. It seems to delve deeper into FX than FANGORIA. It also contains horror fiction, which is a good idea, but it probably won't go well with the mindless gore-mongers that "read" GOREZONE.

I'm glad to see you don't turn your covers into stupid pull-out posters, losing half an inch off the end of the cover. Some day Fango will come to its senses and stop doing that. Nobody wants to screw up a good mag by ripping off the cover and tacking it on the wall. The pictures they use are never even poster quality; they're stills blown up so big they lose detail and become grainy. There's only one flaw in the entire publication: the posters. If you want to sell a gimmick, then be more creative.

Mark Alfrey
North Brunswick, NJ

Believe it or don't, a great many people like the posters.

Beware "The Blob"!

. . . After all your coverage of the "new" *Blob*, I just had to see it the day it opened. Guess what? It was dumb! Yes, stupid! Pointless! Get the idea? It had its moments (like the very, very end), but for the most part it just didn't work.

Tony Gardner and company did a nice job with the melting people, but the Blob was too fake. The red Jell-O looked better than some of the new *Blob*'s scenes. It looked blue-screened and had a changing texture. Even if they meant it, it looked wrong.

Ben Hubble
3541 Barcelona
Las Vegas, NV 89121

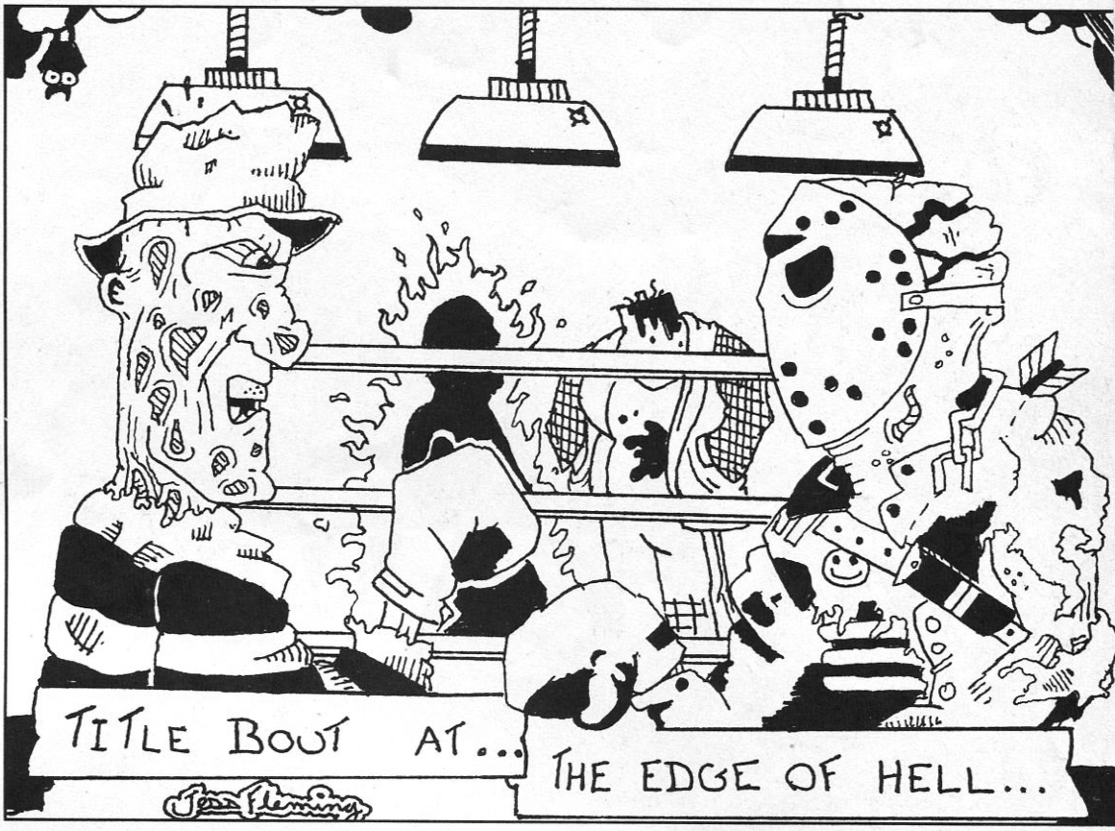
The Fans Rally!

. . . I don't know where to begin to praise GOREZONE. All of the articles are well written, and the reviews don't leave you guessing. If I was to pick out the best part of this mag, I would say the fiction section would top my list. Giving readers a chance to read stories that would probably never reach our eyes is a great idea and a great service.

Jeff Cheeseman
13 Ratigan Avenue
Bordentown, NJ 08505

. . . GOREZONE is one of the best horror magazines available in this day and age. From the gruesome front cover to the excellent articles by Chas. Balun and Caglione & Drexler, this magazine is very different from Fango, and it is much more graphic. GOREZONE improves as each issue comes out. I enjoy reading the fiction column and drooling over the explicit color photos. I also like the posters; my walls are completely decorated with these yummy pictures. Everybody who works on this magazine deserves much credit for creating such a beautiful piece of literature. Your reviews and profiles are informative and complete. Keep up the excellent work. This magazine has a lot going for it in the future.

Eric Eskinazi
Seal Beach, CA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THE EDGE OF HELL...
Jess Fleming

Cartoon: Jess Fleming

From Here to Obscurity!

...Since GOREZONE and FANGORIA basically cover the same films and there is bound to be some overlapping stories, why don't you take a different route and cover the more obscure horror films? Let Fango cover the mainstream efforts so GOREZONE can concentrate more on the low-budget and foreign releases. Finding articles on films like *Stagefright* and such filmmakers as Jesus Franco and Amando de Ossorio is virtually impossible. By doing this you will be filling a large void, providing a valuable service to your readers, and creating an identity for your magazine.

Joseph Parda
Levittown, NY

Great idea, friend! What you're holding in your hands is our first International Splatter Issue. Enjoy!

Watchdog Wows 'Em!

...You should be applauded on your Video Watchdog column. It's about time someone attempted to straighten out the mess in the horror video marketplace. I don't know how many times I have rented some low-budget obscurity only to discover I had seen it before under an alternate title. Even worse is the ever-increasing mutilation and butchering of films, especially classics.

I caught *The Conqueror Worm* recently on a local TV station (KHJ) and, lo and behold, Paul Ferris' original orchestral score was intact! Don't tell Orion. They'd probably confiscate the print and replace it with their flaccid synthesizer version. How ironic that in a case like this, we must resort back to the wasteland of broadcast TV to see a film in its proper format!

Jeff McKay
Los Angeles, CA

Whoa! Fightin' Words!

...Why does everybody want a Jason mask? To put it bluntly, Jason sucks. And while we're on the subject of burnt-out horror figures, what about Freddy Krueger? This guy is so boring, ahhh!!! He's like an old hippy to the horror genre. Can we just pretend that *Nightmare on Elm Street 2* and *3* never existed? I mean, when overdone FX must save a storyline (unlike *The Stepfather*), you know there is a problem. I agree wtih editor Timpone that *Return of the Living Dead Part II* was a bad joke. *The Unholy* had a case of the cornball blues: very rhetorical and mundane. *The Nest* looks too good to be true.

Keep the intellectual bloody carnage flowing.

Mark Murphy
13065 SW Butner Court
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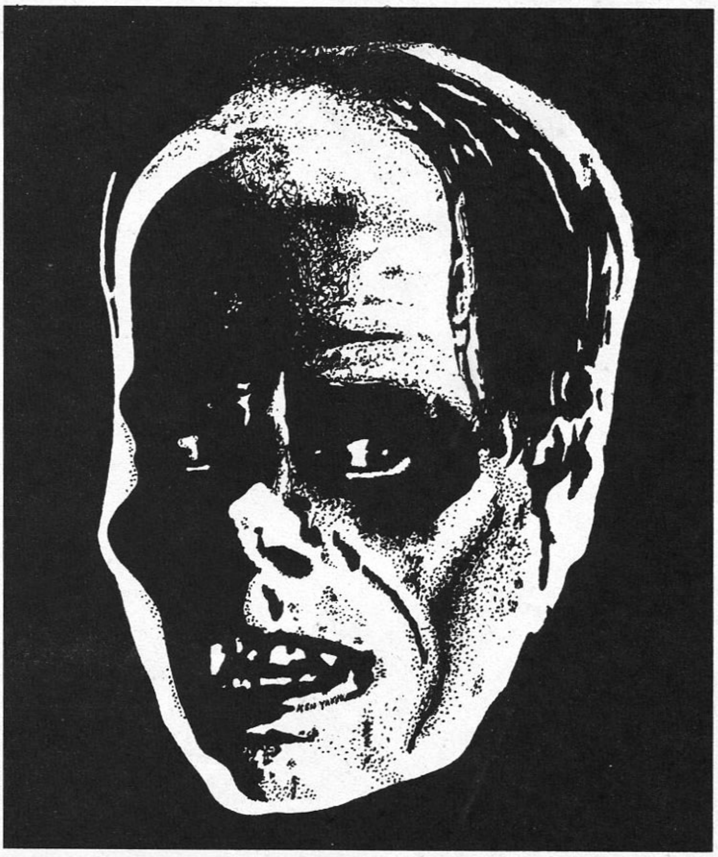


Art: Kenny Yakkel

To Eviscerate or Not to Eviscerate?

By MARC SHAPIRO

HALLOWEEN 4

"Do it cheap, do it quick, and don't show too much gore." A not unreasonable FX request in most cases, eh? But more than one eyebrow was raised when the producers of *Halloween 4: The Return of Michael Myers* decided this FX attitude would be a tasty dish to set before devoted slasher audiences.

One of those who did not bat an eye was producer Paul Freeman. "Most of the real gore stuff will be discovered after the fact. We don't have a real big body count," defends Freeman of this seemingly bloodless third installment of the Michael Myers odyssey, a saga that shows what can be accomplished on short notice.

Kenneth Horn has a reputation for being quick and dirty. Give this makeup FX veteran no time, no budget and no supplies, and you can count on a rabbit or two popping out of his hat. "It didn't seem like a more impossible assignment," reasons Horn, whose credits include *The Hills Have Eyes* and *Hell Night*. "No crew, no prep time. I got the call and had 24 hours to get ready for a six-week shoot. But somehow, we managed to pull it off."

Horn waxes hopeful in a trailer on the Salt Lake City set of *Halloween 4*. Moments earlier, Horn had completed a rather primitive gelatin (rather than the expected slip rubber) scar on actor Donald Pleasence. With Pleasence off to the set, Horn, surrounded by a surprisingly spartan collection of makeup supplies, touches up the paint job on the all-too-familiar mask of Michael Myers.

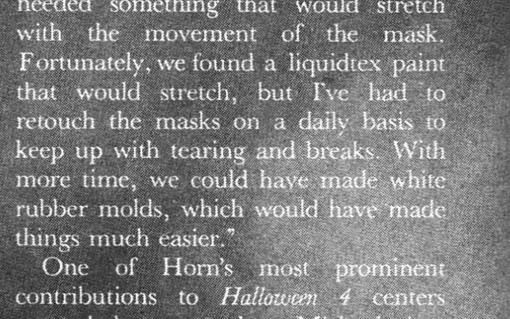
"I've basically had to research all the makeups here on location," says Horn between swipes with a tiny brush. "There hasn't been time to make any special appliances. It's all been plastic and foam rubber, rather than latex. Under normal conditions, a movie like this should have had two months of prep time. I had *one day*."

And Horn pays the price for the rushed nature of *Halloween 4*. He's up most nights, readying the crude appliances for the next day's shooting. On several occasions he has had to rely on local art stores to get necessary supplies. To say it hasn't been a breeze is an understatement. "But it has been an easy show in the sense that the movie is all basically aftereffects," he allows. "With one or two exceptions, all the graphic stuff is done in quick cuts, so complicated makeup effects were not really needed."

Horn has supplied a ton of what he describes as "easy gashes, bruises, cuts and blood." The care and feeding of The Shape mask proved the major challenge. "We did not have the time to go into the lab and make one," he laments. "Fortunately, the company had one of the masks from *Halloween II*. I was able to make some adjustments on it and a handful of rubber backups to fit the actor playing Michael.

"In fact," continues Horn, "the biggest improv job I've had on this film had to do with the mask. The producers decided that they wanted the masks changed from flesh color to white. Well, we did not have the paint designed specifically for use with rubber, and we needed something that would stretch with the movement of the mask. Fortunately, we found a liquidtex paint that would stretch, but I've had to retouch the masks on a daily basis to keep up with tearing and breaks. With more time, we could have made white rubber molds, which would have made things much easier."

One of Horn's most prominent contributions to *Halloween 4* centers around the scene where Michael gives some poor unfortunate a bird's-eye view of where he's been by twisting his head around. "For the neck-twisting sequence, I added wax to the neck to simulate the twist, added a fake foam rubber arm and put the actor's costume on backwards," Horn reveals. "Most of that, however, was planned as an aftereffect, so I'm not really sure at this point how much will be seen."



If you get this close to Michael, you're gonna die anyway, so why not pull off his mask and let the rest of us see his face?

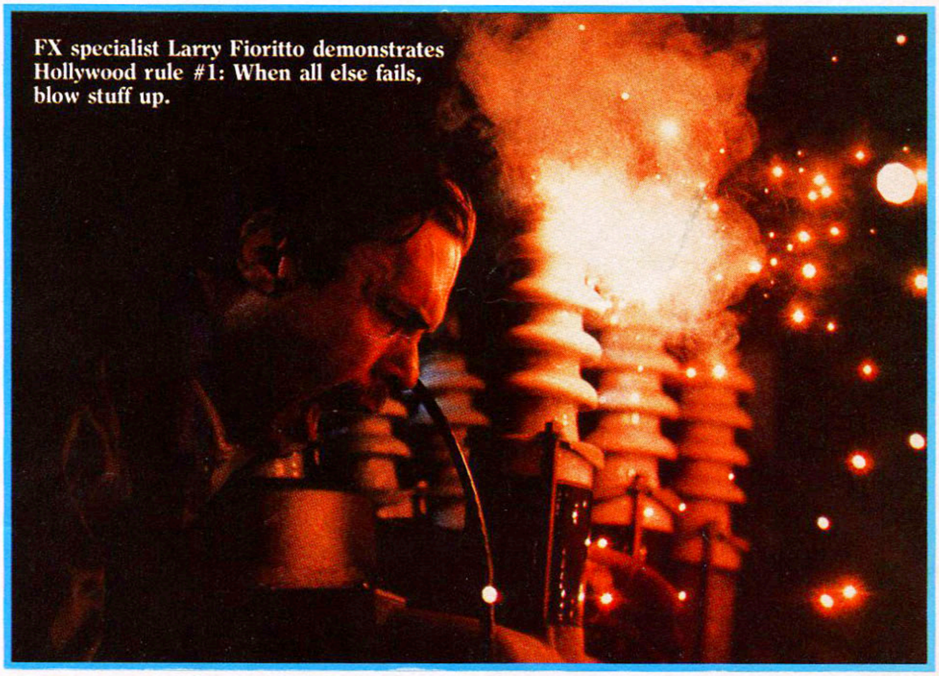
Makeup man Ken Horn found himself daily doctoring the Shape mask.

H4 Photos: Galaxy Releasing Corp.

The FX artist smiles as he describes the particulars of this seat-of-the-pants operation, indicating that the poverty row nature of his contributions might have been the most entertaining aspect for him. "In a way, that's true," he agrees. "We've basically gone back to the old days, putting things together with putty and plastic."

Larry Fioritto is used to having the time and money to do things right. One thing the special FX coordinator, whose credits include *The Thing* and *Cat People*, is not used to is being asked, "How else can we do it?" That phrase constantly plagued him during the one week of preparation he received for *Halloween 4*.

"We basically did not have much time," whispers Fioritto downstairs in a house where sequel director Dwight Little puts The Shape through his



FX specialist Larry Fioritto demonstrates Hollywood rule #1: When all else fails, blow stuff up.

Mr. Myers whips a brutal face rake on an unwary wrestling fan.

murderous paces. "Several things that were planned for this film take a lot of elaborate rigging time and preparation. Hell, we didn't even have time for bullet hits."

Fioritto and his crew (Bob Phillips, George Zamora and Tom Tallon), however, did have time for a great deal of smoke, fog, rain and dust blowing. "This is a very atmospheric film," he enthuses. "The director is very knowledgeable about using effects to help a story along."

Fioritto's showcase scenes consist of some taut rigging for a bit in which Jamie and Rachel (Danielle Harris and Ellie Cornell) pursued by Myers fall off the roof of a house. The FX specialist also got a chance to shine in the scene in which The Shape hangs Kelly (Kathleen Kinmont of *Roller Blade Warriors*) on a door and impales her with a shotgun barrel.

"The shotgun scene was done in cuts because the producers did not want to show it actually happening," Fioritto describes. "We used a seat and cable to mount the actress on the door. We let Michael start to ram the gun into her and then inserted a half-shotgun mounted onto a plate on her. What will sell the scene is the barrel of the shotgun coming through the back of the door, with bits of cloth and blood hanging off it. We did the second part of the effect by scoring the door and ramming the shotgun through it."

Fioritto describes the bit in which Michael shorts out the town by impaling a utility worker on high-voltage wires as primarily a stunt sequence, one fueled by minor electrical FX. "The scene begins with two stuntmen fighting," he explains. "We had a cable tied to the utility worker. As Michael began to lift him, we pulled him up with the cable. For the throwaway, the stuntman took a jump off a trampoline and landed on a real transformer. At that point, we set off electrical sparking effects, created by a device called a short circuitor. We replaced the stuntman with a dummy for the final shot of him lying dead on the transformer."

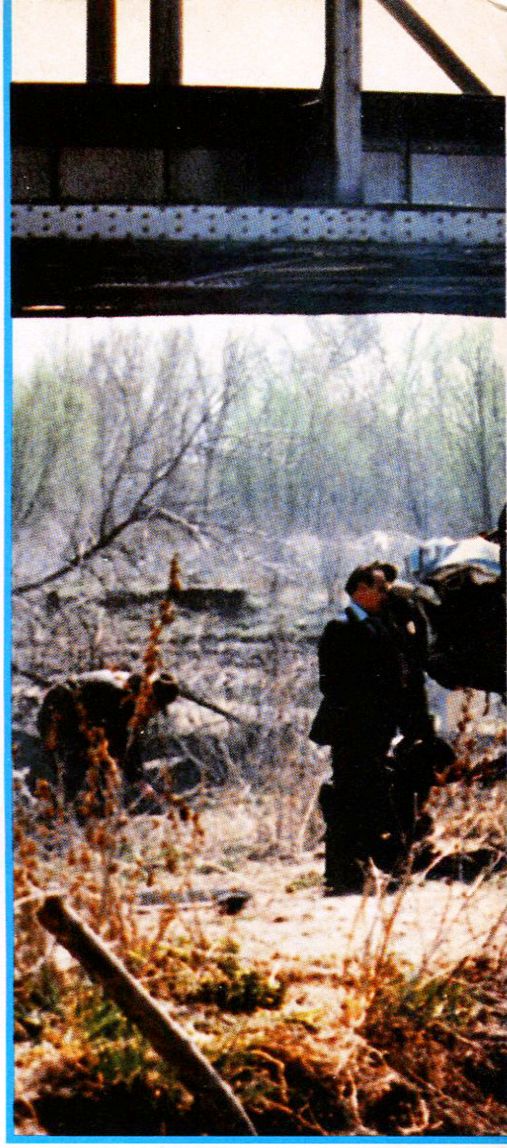
During a break in filming, Fioritto shows off some of the finer elements of his special FX armory. He also tells a tale or two out of school. "We were going to do a scene in which a pretty spectacular explosion flips a car over in front of a gas station," he recalls. "The big obstacle was that we would not hurt the gas station. We had just about solved the problem when the wind came up and started blowing real hard. And because we didn't have the time to wait, we ended up not doing the stunt.

"To be perfectly honest, that's why most of the mayhem in this film is only going to be seen after the fact—because there just wasn't the time to do it."

Or so Fioritto thought. Not long after principal photography was completed on *Halloween 4: The Return of Michael Myers*, John Buechler's telephone rang. No, it wasn't Frank Mancuso Jr. thanking him for a well done *Friday the 13th, Part VII* directing job. It was director Dwight Little asking for help.

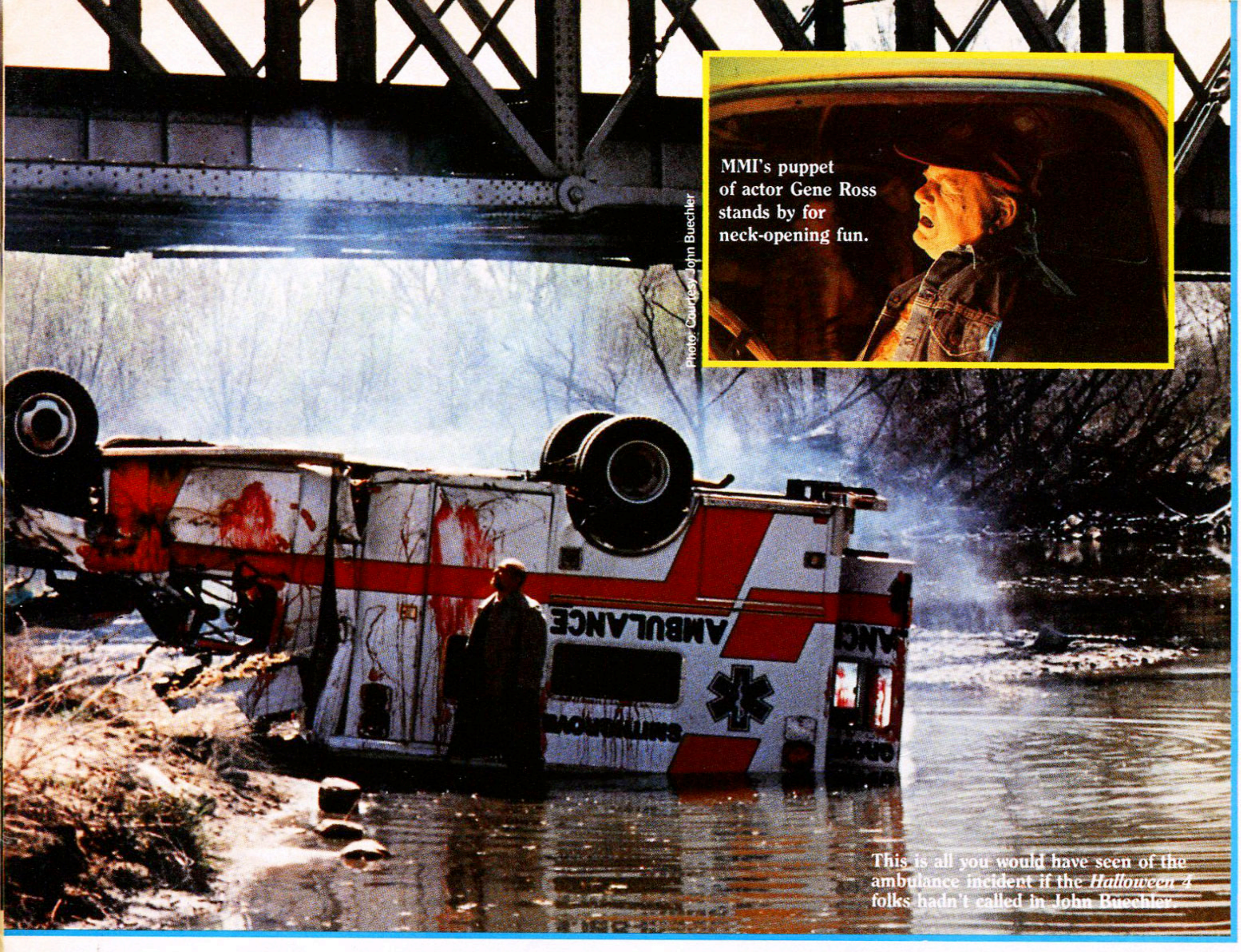
"He wanted to know if I would be interested in participating," recalls Buechler, who now holds the distinction of contributing to the exploits of Jason, Freddy *and* Michael Myers.

Buechler, currently adding his FX touch to the modern Dracula tale *To Die For* and looking to start his own production company, met with Little, saw a rough edit of *Halloween 4* and, in the process, discovered why the director was waving the white flag. "What I saw was not an R-rated horror film," he reports. "They discovered after the fact that the picture was a little softer than anticipated. I was called in to give it more punch."



Buechler and his MMI gang's first aid began by addressing Michael's escape-from-the-ambulance scene. In the original cut of the film, we see the ambulance carrying Michael drive off. We find out later that it never arrived and discover the wrecked ambulance with blood all over the place.

"But you never got to see what happened," Buechler complains. "Now you do. In the scene I choreographed, Michael comes to in the ambulance, grabs the hospital attendant by the temples and breaks out of his bonds. He takes the attendant and begins beating his head against the metal door, drawing blood with each impact. Finally, just when you think it's over, Michael slides



MMI's puppet of actor Gene Ross stands by for neck-opening fun.

Photo: Courtesy John Buechler

This is all you would have seen of the ambulance incident if the *Halloween 4* folks hadn't called in John Buechler.

his thumb from the temple to the attendant's forehead, pushes his thumb into his brain and pulls his finger out."

Buechler goes on to explain how this gore insert was accomplished. "The thumb going in was similar to a trick knife effect," he describes. "The thumb collapsed in on itself. On impact, blood poured out from tiny wrinkles in the mechanical thumb. The foam latex appliance was sculpted with the indentation of a thumb already built into it. Furthermore, within the indentation there was a pocket that could conceal a finger beyond the first knuckle. Hoses under the appliance pumped blood through the pocket."

MMI also added the now-you-see-it (rubber) crowbar down a throat (a tricky but not too bloody shot-in-reverse gag) to another already filmed now-you-don't kill sequence. A third, somewhat confusing slaughter sequence also received the team's bloody touch. "It's the scene where Michael reaches into the truck cab, grabs the driver by the neck, twists it, there's a cracking sound and the driver's dead," he beams. "Well, the way the original scene played on film, it wasn't that violent. You really could not tell what killed the guy. What we did was make a puppet from the waist up whose neck would rip open when yanked to one side. The Shape's fingers go into the puppet's neck. A cable-released latch inside it disconnects, thereby allowing a deep tear in the neck to spring open. Hoses inside the puppet spewed blood and viscera once the neck opened."

Amazingly, Buechler, along with on-set fabricators Mike Deak, Tim Ralston and Wayne Toth, plus assistants John Foster and Pat Simmons, had only six days to prepare the LA-shot FX inserts. These bonus guts took one day to film.

Buechler is well aware of how the *Halloween 4* filmmakers have been saying long and loud that *The Return of Michael Myers* would be a "less gore and more suspense" exercise. Still, he refuses to take an "I told you so" jab.

"The film that I saw looked pretty good on its own," he declares. "I don't think what I added altered the story all that much. All I did was punch things up a bit."

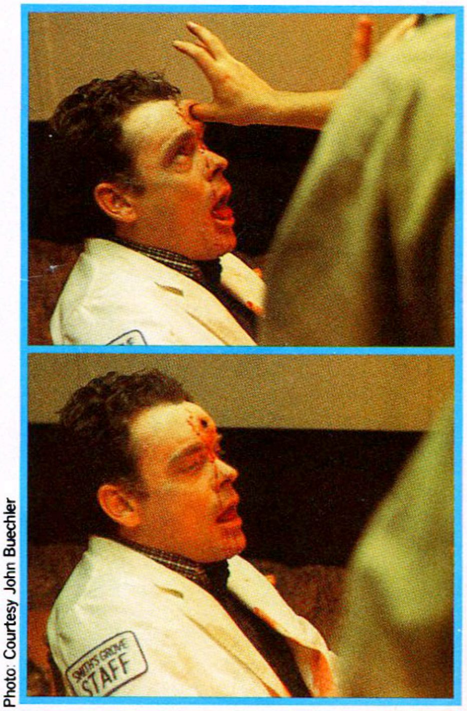


Photo: Courtesy John Buechler

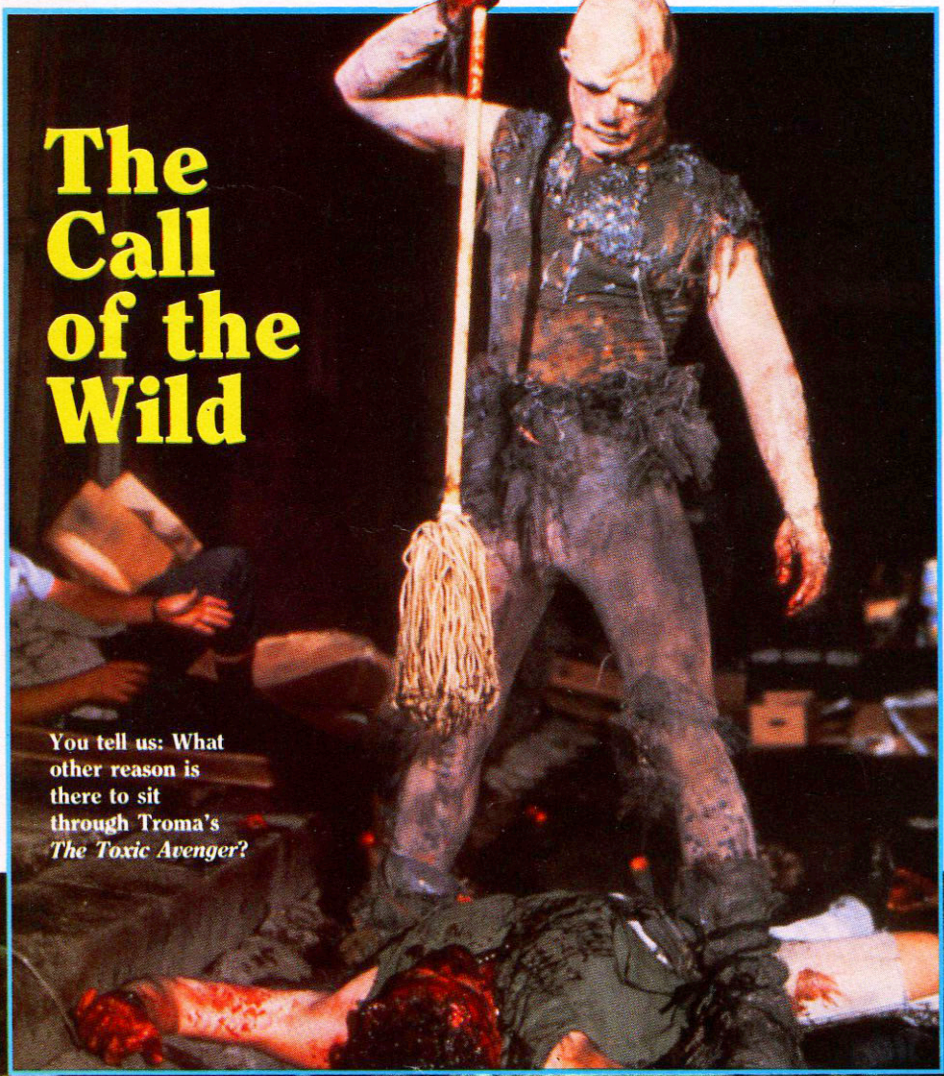
Bet you didn't know how vulnerable foreheads are. John Buechler's MMI created this appliance to show why boxers wear gloves.

PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

The Call of the Wild

When faced with the inevitable and rather formidable task of explaining the fascinating appeal of bodily dismemberment, gut-yanking, scalpel slashings or two-fingered eye poke 'n' pulls, one must admit we're treading upon some potentially shaky moral ground here. However, we all must confront this nagging question at one time or another, whether it be from friends, family, loved ones or perhaps even in front of television cameras and newspaper reporters. They all *really* want to know, "What the heck's wrong with you, anyway?" Maybe not quite so bluntly nor as coarsely as that, but you can sense their bewilderment when you begin waxing poetic about a Gianetto De Rossi effect or a Lucio Fulci maggot storm. Let's fact it, the '80s are not really the time nor the place for *any* kind of over-the-top activities. It's a paranoid era, folks—sexless, drugless, salt-free, no caffeine, low cholesterol, fun-proof. Not to mention rather bloodless, in a cinematic sense.



You tell us: What other reason is there to sit through Troma's *The Toxic Avenger*?

Photo: Copyright Troma

David Gale reminds Jeffrey Combs that *Re-Animator* never could have redefined "head" if they went for an R rating.

Photo: Abe Perlstein

There are congressional hearings and investigations about rock lyrics; albums, movies and videotapes bear cautionary labels warning of insidious content; former '60s hellraisers appear in Lite beer, soda pop and scooter ads while the rest of the nation just says "NO!" to one substance or the other. Shee-ishh, man, lighten up! No wonder we've got a bunch of wimpy-assed horror films out there now. It's not only an era of "safe sex" in the bedrooms, but one of "safe death" in the movies, too. Best not to get it too messy, too wild, or unhygienic (both the sex and the splatter). Keep it tidy, fit, lean and clean. Yeah, sure.

I guess explaining the appeal of such unexpurgated gore classics as *Suspiria*, *The Beyond*, *Zombie*, *Street Trash*, *The Toxic Avenger* or *Re-Animator* to the unbeliever is a lot "like tryin' to tell a stranger 'bout rock 'n' roll." In fact, rock music is an apt metaphor here, because many early rockers made it a point to push the limits of music and performance just as far as they possibly could in pursuit of their particular musical visions. Hey, I'm old enough to remember watching Elvis on the Ed Sullivan Show blocked out from the waist down. There were actually people who were honest-to-God afraid of what this man's gyrating pelvis could do to an unsuspecting nation.

Well, 30 years later, the same folks are using similar logic when it comes to on-screen violence. Block it out, cut it, show it offscreen, clip it to a few, fleeting, subliminal frames. Don't give young, malleable minds a violent, bloody stimulus that will incite them to riot. Apparently, they've decided that witnessing a prop machete sever a latex arm amongst a spray of colored Karo syrup will cause irreparable moral harm to an impressionable mind. They assume our mental faculties are so impaired that we are unable to distinguish between fact and fiction, and our consciences are so feeble that we could be visually coerced into emulating what we see on the screen. They're missing a very big point here: Bloodshed, no matter how graphic and explicit, is not simply a gratuitous act in a horror film. It is a necessary, relevant element operating within the established paradigm of genre filmmaking. It's always been a part of the program, like the other conventions: old, dark houses, thunderclaps, lightning, creaky doors, defenseless victims, mad doctors and hunchbacked assistants. Blood is not only a necessity, but a sticky, gooey, viscous agent that binds the others together. Blood represents pain, fear and death, which is precisely what all horror films are about, anyway.

Photo: Courtesy Maitland McDonagh

Cheer up, fella. At least you'll never have to see Argento's *Inferno* censored.

Photo: Courtesy Maitland McDonagh

This poor *Suspiria* babe has seen the gruesome handiwork of those butchering censors.

Graphic splatter would certainly be gratuitous in a Meryl Streep or Pee-wee Herman film, but it's as right as rain in a Bava, Fulci, Romero or Argento movie. Horror has its own peculiar rhythms. To tamper with these is to alter the essence of the beast. An attempt to tame, pacify, compromise or restrict what is essentially free, wild and unpredictable by nature is to cause irrevocable damage to the genre's *raison d'etre*.

What I fear now is that the young Turks out there who simply don't give a hoot about popular taste and commercial viability will cease and desist in their efforts to shock, disturb and challenge their viewers and opt instead for compromise, marketability, acceptability and multipicture deals. Horror films need a fringe element composed of risk-takers, revolutionaries and "angry young men" who will serve to keep the rest of the genre honest. They act as a needed balance against such lightweight, frivolous, neutered, low-fright exercises as *The Lost Boys*, *House II* and *Return of the Living Dead Part II*. Horror must maintain its own underground in order to constantly challenge the majority rule and force the genre to explore newer, more potent avenues.

Rock 'n' roll needed its underground, too. Musical mavericks like Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and Little Richard served to counterbalance the terminally lame, antiseptic pop drivel produced by such insipid "rock" poseurs as Pat Boone, Frankie Avalon, or Fabian Forte. And today, for every Fleetwood Mac, Wham! or Michael Jackson, you'll need a Guns N' Roses, or Butthole Surfers to allow for proper perspective.

So where has all the real horror gone? Who's the new blood in town? Will unrated splatter movies become an endangered species, even on video? This current trend of knee-jerk, anal-retentive, gutless conservatism threatens our basic inalienable right to enjoy glass shards bisecting faces, hypodermics piercing eyeballs or buzzsaws performing instant amputations. Gee whiz, guys, the gleeful gore is the sizzle in the steak. Give it to me straight, full-strength and as intense as you dare.

Say, maybe if those worms were inside his head where his brains should be, this guy could censor films for a living.

The classic example of eyeball violence from Lucio Fulci's *Zombie* gets underway. He tops himself in *The Beyond*.

Life's a lot like that, too. It's not some prissy R-rated epic, not with the AIDS epidemic, 11-year-old crack addicts, freeway shootings, gang violence and serial killers. No, sir! It's a hard X and way beyond anything we've ever seen in the movies. Graphic horror films still fit safely into the "entertainment" category; they're not snuff films and the violent murders are just FX gags. All fans know that and respect splatter for what it is: a celebration of the talents of FX artists and an important visceral jolt delivered just when you needed one. You're at a HORROR film. You don't want to be coddled or protected, you want to be scared shitless—or at the very least, really grossed out.

> **Bloodshed, no matter how graphic and explicit, is not a gratuitous act in a horror film.**

As trivial as it sounds, cutting mere seconds from some horror sequences usually serves to completely derail the impact of the moment and adversely affect the film's overall rhythm. Unconscionable edits in Dario Argento's *Suspiria*, *Tenebrae*, *Deep Red* and *Phenomena*

Ho-hum. Why should *The Toxic Avenger* bother taking his date to the drive-in when somebody's cut all the good stuff out of the movies?

and their subsequent effect on the films are not completely realized until you've seen the uncut versions. The initial double murder early on in *Suspiria* is most likely one of the most intense, shocking and breathtaking sequences you'll ever see in a slasher film. The knife thrusts seem to go on interminably, climaxing with an ultraclose shot of the blade penetrating the now-exposed heart; a hanging and facial bisection by glass rapidly follow, effectively rendering the viewer completely shell-shocked. The incredibly gory, wall-spraying amputation in *Tenebrae* has been truncated so drastically that you hardly recognize it when it's played out full-force in both the uncut version and on the videotape release of *Dario Argento's World of Horror*.

Fellow countryman Lucio Fulci has also suffered the ignominious slashings of the censor's scalpel in many films, most notably on his unheralded masterpiece *The Beyond* (Italian title: *L'Aldila*). Shown in a few American theaters under the title *7 Doors of Death*, the film was accompanied by bogus quotes from both Tobe Hooper and *Texas Chainsaw* collaborator Kim Henkel (neither of whom had seen the picture) proclaiming it "one of the most terrifying motion pictures we've ever seen." Many scenes were drastically trimmed, some completely eliminated, including a simply outrageous tarantula attack and several prolonged sequences involving nasty eye violence. Fulci's unabashed, primal roar was reduced to a mere squeak after the American distributors got ahold of it. I mean, if you were a thrill-seeking roller-coaster aficionado, would you take kindly to cutting 50 feet off the initial drop and elimiating all the sharp turns so the ride wasn't quite so unsettling? Shee-it, man. Gimme a break.

Today, though their ranks are rapidly dwindling, there remains a small cadre of splatter auteurs undaunted by studio and MPAA pressures and unaffected by the advice of know-nothing, neo-fascist producers, businessmen and lawyers who continually seek out the most marketable, commercially viable "product" to promote and sell. It's these very same forces that have taken frightening, horrific killers like Freddy Krueger and transformed them into the cinematic equivalent of a Big Mac in just a few short years. Thank your lucky stars for the stubbornness of Sam Raimi, George Romero, Stuart Gordon, Roy Frumkes and Jim Muro, whose unbridled raucousness, free-spiritedness and refreshing *joie de vivre* come splashing through, time after time.

Unfortunately, future generations may be left with only the memories. Balls-to-the-wall, unrated splatterfests may join the ozone layer, clean air, drinkable water and redwood forests on the ever-growing list of disappearing natural resources. Imagine "safe sex" and "safe splatter" both in the same lifetime. It's enough to make you retch on your Reeboks. ✱

Video WATCHDOG

Franco—The Final Chapter

By TIM LUCAS

These poor torture victims can't make up their minds whom they report to: Ilsa, Wanda or Greta?

Photo: Courtesy Dan Scapperotti

Although my recent survey of Jess Franco's films on videocassette (Fango #78-9) documented less than one-fifth of his total output, its completeness was unavoidably compromised by space limitations. Therefore, I limited its range to Franco's horror films. Because the Video Watchdog column appeals to completists, insomniacs, videoholics and all sorts of sofa spuds, I'm using this issue's installment to deliver the following postscript, a compulsive catalog of Franconian odds & ends. It isn't all horror, but it's all horrific in its own way.

PROBLEM TITLES

Three horror cassettes fell between the cracks of the Fango videography, as Franco was involved in their production and development without directing them.

The Invisible Dead (1970; Wizard)

Produced as *Orloff and the Invisible Man*, this film continued Franco's Orloff series and again starred Howard Vernon. Prior to release, the film's "straight" approach was reconsidered, and it was hastily refitted with nude inserts and a new title: *Love Life of the Invisible Man*. The director credited is Pierre Chevalier, whose only other screen credit is as set decorator of Franco's *Man Hunter* (1980), another French co-production.

This film sought cheap prestige by pronouncing itself the first period (19th-century) horror film ever made in France, but it's hard to shake the impression that it was merely done on the quick in the same locations as *Count Dracula*, especially since, apart from Howard Vernon, the entire cast is Spanish. Is it Franco's work? Read on.

Acknowledgements: The Watchdog gratefully tips his hat to Chas. Balun, Stephen Bissette, Michael Crestohl (Cinepix USA), Shawna Durst (Private Screenings), Frank Henenlotter, Edgar Ievins, Alan Jones, E.J. Levine (Viva/Unicorn), Lisa Lyons (Private Screenings) and Jere Rae Mansfield (Monterey).

Zombie Lake (1980; Wizard)

A.K.A. *Lake of the Living Dead.* A Nazi platoon, drowned in a village lake during WWII by disgruntled villagers, rises in zombie form to attack contemporary skinny-dippers. One of the zombies locates the young daughter born of his affair with a local girl (which would place the seemingly contemporary action at around 1953), and the child helps her village trap the dead Nazis, father and all, in a barn which is then napalmed.

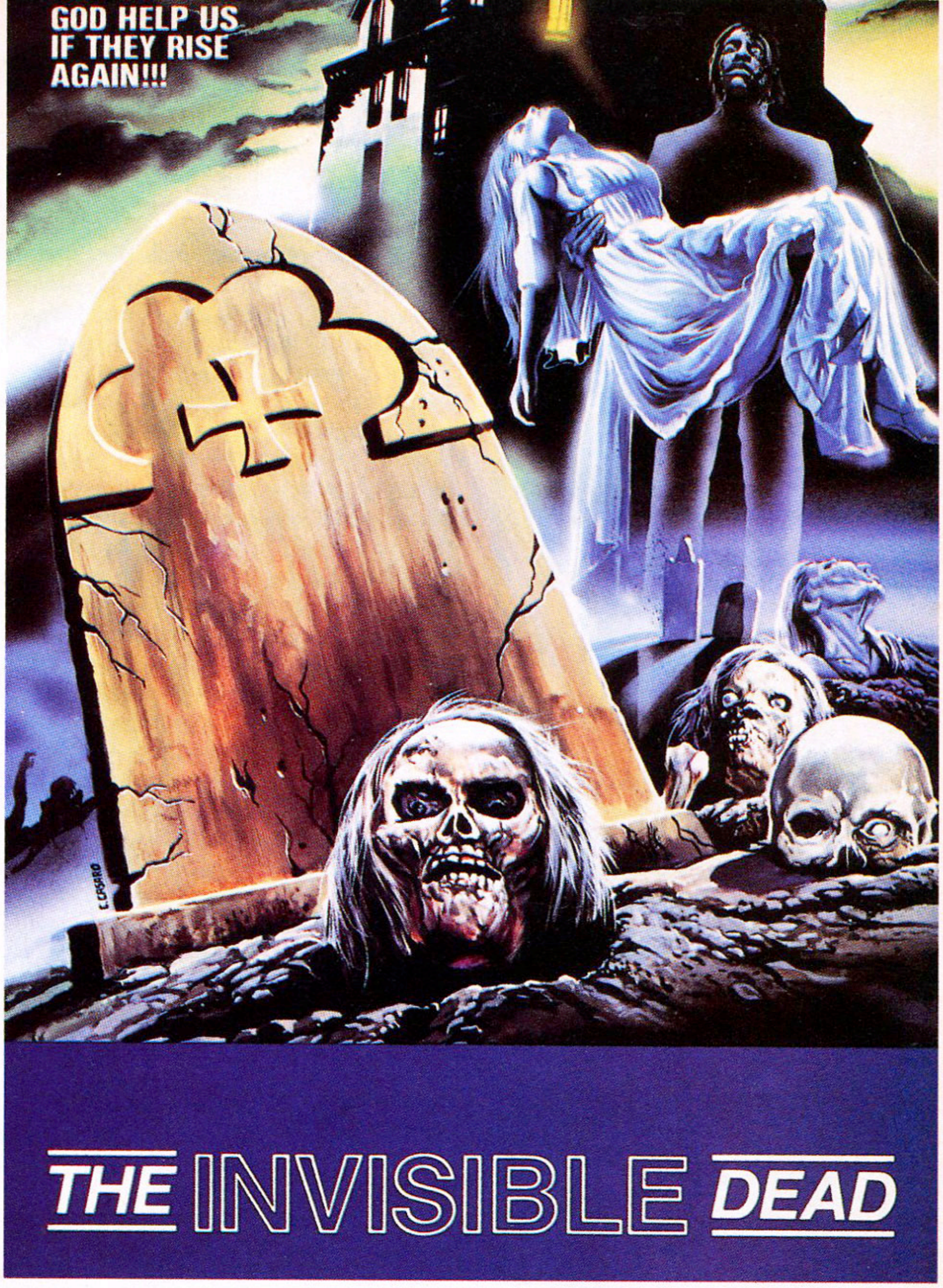
> **The kidnappers pillage before encountering the most unconvincing cannibal tribe you'll ever see, white guys with Elvis sideburns.**

Phil Hardy's *Encyclopedia of Horror Films* claims this movie was scheduled to be directed by Franco, who was replaced at the last minute by Jean (*Caged Virgins*) Rollin—who plays the traditional Franco cameo of detective here, as well. Wizard's box credits "Peter" Chevalier as director, while the film itself credits J.A. Lazer (the producer was Daniel *Lasoeur*). Judging from the nubile eroticism and sweet sentimentality of this film (both Rollin trademarks), it's reasonable to assume that Rollin directed and uses the Chevalier pseudonym for his collaborations with Franco. The resemblance of *Lake*'s climax to that of *Dr. Orloff's Monster* (1965) indicates that Rollin's hasty hiring forced him to fall back on Franco's preproduction plans. Fans of *Erotikill* (1973) will notice its score recycled here.

Terreur Cannibal (1982; ?)

A French bootleg video, which may (or may not) be an edited version of Franco's *Macumba Sexual.* Starring Franco regulars Pamela Stanford, Olivier Mathot and Burt Altman, the direction is credited to "Allan W. Steeve." The daughter of a wealthy Frenchman is kidnapped and flown to the depths of a Brazilian jungle, where her kidnappers rape and pillage before encountering the most unconvincing cannibal tribe you'll ever see, white guys with Elvis sideburns wearing KISS makeup!

Nudity and graphic flesh-eating are present, but scenes of sex and sadism are bluntly deleted. Two assistant directors are very prominently credited, making it plausible that they padded unfinished Franco footage (including noticeable stock shots from *Man Hunter*, 1980) into a finished whole. Indigestible.


GOD HELP US IF THEY RISE AGAIN!!!
C.CASARO
THE INVISIBLE DEAD

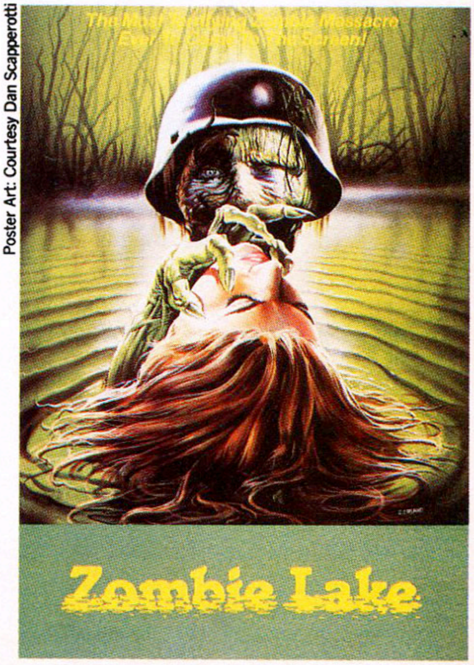
Poster Art: Courtesy Dan Scapperotti

SADISTS IN SING-SING

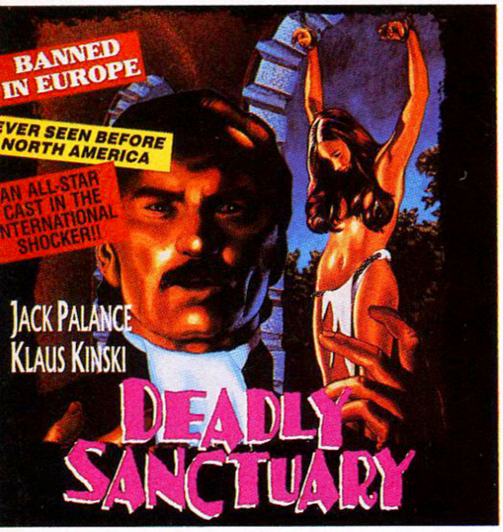
99 Women (1968; Republic/NTA)

Only three women are onscreen during most of this competently crafted women-in-prison film, which sported an early X rating and doubtless inspired similar Filipino endeavors like *The Big Doll House* (1971), the success of which helped found Roger Corman's New World Pictures. As the warden, Mercedes McCambridge struts around looking like Napoleon Bonaparte in a thrift store wig, dealing out punishments (kept, surprisingly, offscreen) and lines like, "Prison is a place for the punishment of criminals—it's not *meant* to be a happy place!"

Two scenes rank with Franco's best works: Maria Rohm's nonexplicit reminiscence of her gang rape (told with menacing shadows and hysterical visuals) and a male prison escapee's calcula-



Poster Art: Courtesy Dan Scapperotti


BANNED IN EUROPE
EVER SEEN BEFORE NORTH AMERICA
AN ALL-STAR CAST IN THE NTERNATIONAL SHOCKER!!
JACK PALANCE
KLAUS KINSKI
DEADLY SANCTUARY

***Deadly Sanctuary* delivers two hams for the price of one, Jack Palance and Klaus Kinski. Some combo, huh?**

Photo: Courtesy Bill George

A few years before Linda Blair and Sybil Danning landed in the pen, Jess Franco's *Barbed Wire Dolls* warmed the hearts of feminists everywhere.

ted seduction of his dead cellmate's lover, which presents a realistic and disturbing portrait of grief commingling with predation, each clinging to and knowingly satisfying the other.

Deadly Sanctuary (1968; Monterey)

I thought I had seen Jack Palance overact until I saw his performance in this picture, originally titled *Justine, or The Misfortunes of Virtue*. A reasonable adaptation of the Marquis de Sade's most famous tract, it follows its teenage heroine (Romina Power) through a series of perilous misadventures when she is ousted, with her less innocent sister (Maria Rohm), from a convent school. The evils of the "real" world are personified by one of Franco's most impressive casts, including Palance (as the pastor of a church of pain, "the most selfish pleasure"), Mercedes McCambridge (as a lesbian murderess), Sylva Koscina, Rosalba Neri, Franco himself (as an 18th-century vaudevillian) and Akim Tamiroff, most of whom pose an unsavory challenge to Justine's "virtue." Klaus Kinski plays de Sade, feverishly scribbling Harry Alan Towers' screenplay as ghostly images of chained women assail him in his jail cell.

One suspects this is more Towers' film than Franco's; there are vivid scenes of sadism and erotic delirium, but the overriding feel of the movie is that of a lighthearted, melodramatic romp. Neither as startling nor as dangerous as Franco's best work, but an enjoyably perverse little number, prettily photographed by the usually less careful Manuel Merino.

Barbed Wire Dolls (1975; IVC)

Original title: *Frauengefangnis* ("Women in Prison"). The plot of this unrated sado-drama reiterates *99 Women* with even greater explicitness, as Lina Romay and two other female prisoners escape the sadistic and sexual proclivities of their monocled prison directress (Monica Swinn, whose only direction seems to have been "Don't wash your hair!"), and plow through dense jungle toward freedom.

Mostly of interest for its sheer shamelessness—its highlight is Romay's nightmare/flashback, in which Franco himself plays her lecherous father, whom she murders in self-defense and watches die in ridiculously faked slow-motion—this tape is now out of print.

Ilsa, the Wicked Warden (1977; Cinepix)

This women-in-prison flick stars the inimitable Dyanne Thorne, but was not labelled as a continuation of her *Ilsa* trilogy until 1983, when it was issued on tape. Its original titles translate as *Greta's House Without Men* (in Germany), *The Penitentiary of Perverted Women* (France), *Greta, the Mad Butcher* (UK) and *Wanda the Wicked Warden* (North America). An unusually compelling storyline follows an Amnesty International agent as she infiltrates Greta's barbaric jungle prison in search of her sister, who disappeared after attempting an escape. The agent's behind-bars investigation uncovers the expected torture, lesbianism, shower and lavatory antics, under-the-desk politics, as well as a snuff movie ring. If this weren't enough for your rental dollar, Franco (who plays one of the lead roles) throws in a lengthy cannibal climax!

Alternately erotic, evil and disgusting, the film fits the *Ilsa* format surprisingly well, while also functioning as another of Franco's *frauengefangnischen*, and comes off among the best of either series. Cinepix has apparently "softened" their line of *Ilsa* cassettes, but uncut tapes of this title are still available from Marshall Discount Video (Box 328, Dept GZ, Trenton, MI 48183). Needless to say, strictly adult in nature.

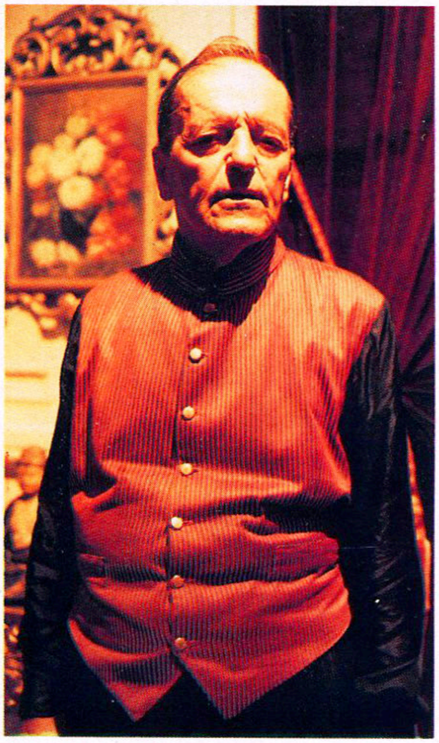
In taking itself too seriously, *Fraulein Devil* misses *Helltrain*'s swaggering sleaze appeal.

Helltrain (1977; Wizard/Marquis)
Fraulein Devil (1977; Wizard)

Respectively Franco's *Die Sklavinnen* ("The Slaves"), directed by "James Gartner," and *Frauen im Liebeslager* ("Love Camp Women"), directed by "Mark Stern," these are two of the 12 soft-core S&M pictures Franco made during a two-year stint in Germany, and resemble a back-to-back attempt to launch something comparable to Don Edmonds' *Ilsa* series. Without Dyanne Thorne's participation, *Helltrain* falls back—*way* back—on the unbelievable Monica Swinn. Credited only on the box, Swinn plays Ingrid (though the actors are clearly saying "Inga"), the Madam of a WWII train service known as "Hitler's Whorehouse on Wheels." Despite the subject matter, there's not much nudity, and the "sex" is limited to spanking and other forms of humiliation.

Franco would certainly approve of the special label concocted by Wizard Video for this silly, sadean doodad. *Fraulein Devil* has a more attractive heroine—Malisa Longo as "Elsa"—and

Photo: Courtesy Bill George



Actor Howard Vernon has worked with Jess Franco for 26 years, from *The Awful Dr. Orloff* to *Faceless*, the director's latest.

an almost identical "war-whore" scenario. In taking itself too seriously, it misses its predecessor's swaggering sleaze appeal; the sex is brief and missionary. Two of Franco's worst, generally consigned to the "Action/Adventure" shelves.

Angel of Death (1986; New World)

The most recent of Franco's films currently available on tape, this film—directed by "A. Frank Drew White"—was attractively lensed in Uruguay. Franco regulars Robert Foster and Jack Taylor co-star with Fernando Rey as Nazi Hunters hot on the trail of Dr. Josef Mengele (Howard Vernon).

Who else but Franco would bother to include a circus acrobat named "Mr. Agility" in an Anti-Nazi League, then shoot him in the legs before he can perform a single feat? Rifle sights are repeatedly trained on faces, only to have the bullets strike their human targets in their *hearts*! Canadian actress Dora Doll is abducted and artificially impregnated by Mengele and, while the frozen sperm's donor is suggested as being everyone from a chimpanzee to Hitler himself, she's shot before she can give birth to the impending monstrosity! By the same token, we're shown Mengele's sick bay—a Moreau-like zoo of half-human experiments—and then told by Mengele that "my most fascinating experiments are locked in the clinic downstairs..." but a bomb destroys his South American retreat before we can see it!

This is a bewildering, masochistic delight to be enjoyed because of its anarchistic crushing of raised expectations. Longstanding Francophiles will especially enjoy hearing the familiar cast dub its own lines, some for the first time. And who would've thought that Christopher Mitchum would become the latest addition to Franco's list of repertory players?

AND FOR YOU LONELY GUYS . . .

While pursuing his career as the world's most prolific maker of horror films, Franco embarked on a parallel career in erotic features. It's evident from the few domestically available on videotape that, just as his horror films contain strong sexual elements, horror is a (sometimes not so) subtle staple of his erotica. Among Franco's *un*available adult titles: *The Erotic Experiences of Frankenstein, The Portrait of Doriana Gray, Two Vicious Sisters, Red Lips and Black Boots, House of Fallen Women, The Obscene Mirror, Sadist Erotica* and, believe it or not, there's even a 1982 remake of his infamous *Eugenie—The Story of her Journey into Perversion* (1970), called *DeSade 2000*!

What follows is what you *can* see.

The Midnight Party (1975; Private Screenings)

This tape comes packaged in a box that boasts the title, synopsis and acting credits of a 1975 Franco film...but the wrong movie's inside! According to the label's legal department, Private Screenings was set to release the Franco film and had the boxes printed up, but a preliminary screening led to a sudden decision that it "didn't meet our standards." To avoid a financial loss on the boxes, they electronically retitled another pending release—a 1970s French film called *Lewdness*, directed by "Max Pecas"—and shipped the title on schedule. The film contains a couple of dark fantasy sequences, and some worthy Franconian dialogue: "Doesn't merely saying the word 'death' excite us and give us more of a thrill than just lying here, half-dressed?" I can't help suspecting that "Max Pecas" is Jean Rollin.

Porno Dama (1982, Viva/Unicorn)

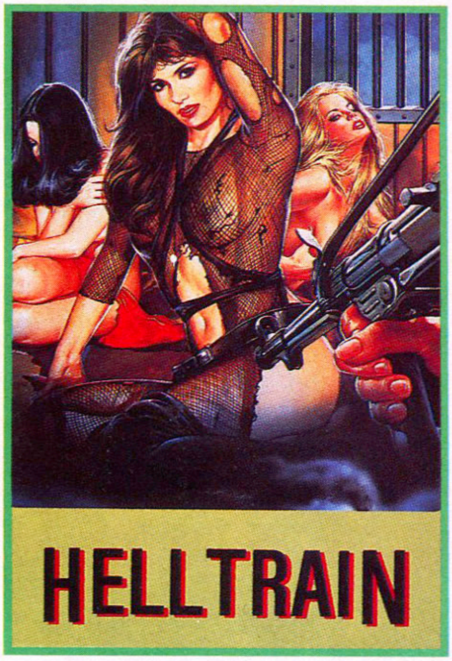
Dry your tears because, despite the date, this is, without question, a Spanish print of Franco's *The Midnight Party* (1975). The above title is taken from the box; the onscreen title is *Lady Porno*. Direction is credited to "Tawer Nero," and the Spanish deposition (or copyright) date is 1982. Lina Romay plays a stripper who is invited to a midnight orgy, where she wakes the next morning to find the other two-thirds of her *menage* stabbed to death. She is then abducted by a trio of spies, eager to hear what she learned during her recent affair with a French diplomat. The spies, led by a sadistic, false-legged Fearless Leader (Franco, who else?), subject her to bedbound trials of pain and pleasure calculated to make her shift allegiance.

Franco apologizes for the startling cruelty of his performance in his last scene, by doffing his dark glasses, looking into the camera with soft eyes and saying, "As you see, I'm only an actor."

Interesting for its experimental reduction of the walls between actor and audience, fact and fiction, *Porno Dama* is

(continued on page 64)

Poster Art: Courtesy Dan Scapperotti



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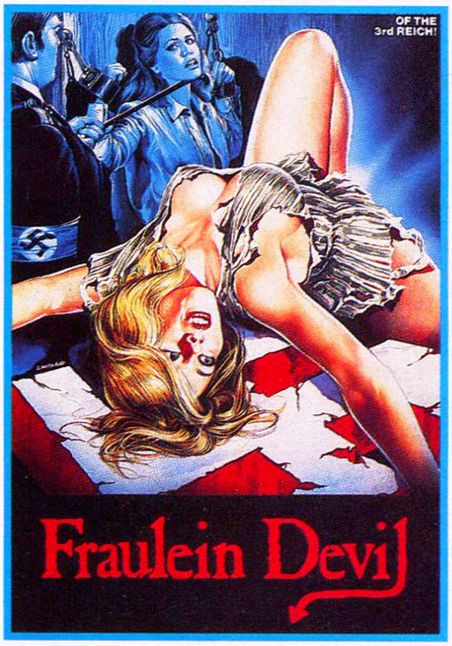


PROFILE

PETER JACKSON, MASTER OF BAD TASTE

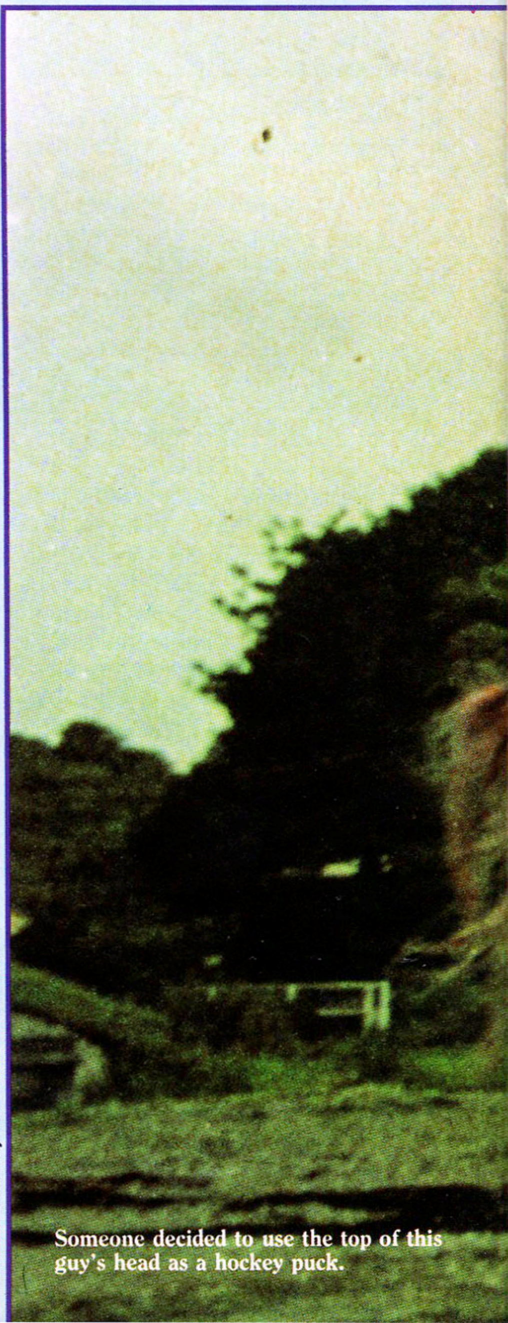
". . . I only hope the distributor doesn't decide to cut it to an R . . . I would rather not have it seen at all . . ."

By MARIO CORTINI with PHILIP NUTMAN

Things sure have been dry on the gore front. Sure, the spheres returned in *Phantasm II*, but the MPAA got uptight and wouldn't let Don Coscarelli do his blood spurt special. They likewise castrated *Friday the 13th, Part VII: The New Blood*, as well as anything else aiming for a high red content. What's a lively gorehound to do? Rent bad direct-to-video schlock? Well, take heart, gang, New Zealand's *Bad Taste* is about to put the squish back into splatter.

Simply stated, *Bad Taste* does for brains what McDonald's did for hamburgers: spread 'em all over the place. Shot on 16mm by 26-year-old Peter Jackson, the flick has a raw creative energy somewhat similar to *The Evil Dead*. It spoofs alien invasions, cannibal movies, chainsaw massacres and anything else you care to think of. It's whacky. And gory. *Very* gory. The picture's irreverent attitude is summed up on its original poster, which features an alien with a machine gun in one hand

That's one way of getting rid of that frustrating bald spot.



Someone decided to use the top of this guy's head as a hockey puck.

All Photos: Courtesy New Zealand Film Commission

Derek (director Peter Jackson) performs brain surgery—on himself.

giving the finger to the viewer with the other. If gorelessness is a disease, this guy's the cure. Of course, this means the film can kiss an R rating goodbye.

Jackson, a serious Fango/GOREZONE fan, has an almost squeaky clean appearance. As the saying goes, never judge a book by its cover. A typical movie junkie of the post-baby boom period, as a youth, he made Super-8 FX epics. "I was 9 years old," he informs. "Grew up watching movies, reading science fiction and horror magazines, whatever I could get my hands on. Ray Harryhausen was my biggest hero. All I wanted to be was a stop-motion animator. Fango basically taught me how to do makeup effects."

How the amiable New Zealander, born and raised in Wellington, came to make a heavy duty gore flick is an amusing and atypical story. Once Jackson had left school, he started working for his local newspaper, not so much out of an interest in journalism as a way to earn enough money to buy a 16mm Bolex camera and upgrade the quality of his short films. He planned a short project called *Roast of the Day* as his first in the more expensive medium, something simple enough to allow him to master the camera. By accident rather than design, however, this little number mutated into *Bad Taste,* One year he had a homemade short; the next, a feature.

Moviemaking is a team sport, but *Bad Taste* is definitely Jackson's baby. He wrote the screenplay, produced it, directed it, was co-cinematographer and co-editor, did the FX and, when one of his leading actors wandered off to get married, acted in it. The film is the

"I make no apologies for liking spectacular gore."

result of four years of work with a team of friends and was made for $400,000, most of which came out of his personal savings account.

The film started production on October 27th, 1983. "I decided the movie was going to be very simple, just so I could get used to operating the camera," he recalls. "We came up with the idea of a young man who goes to a town in New Zealand to collect money for charity. He finds the town deserted and is then kidnapped by a bunch of extraterrestrials who have killed the entire population in order to open up the first human fast food chain. In the original outline, the charity collector gets killed off at the end, but that soon changed."

Jackson's crew consisted of several fellow newspaper workers. Since they were working six-day weeks, they could only shoot on Sundays. "Sometimes we couldn't even do that, since some of the actors were not available when I needed them," he reveals. "After about a year of doing that, I decided it was time to seriously look at what we'd shot. Although we hadn't quite completed the ending, I was restless and wanted to start cutting. As it turned out, the rough cut was almost an hour long, which surprised the hell out of me. Having that length made me rethink my ideas. It was strange to think I almost had a feature. Obviously, it would have been foolish to stop there, so I took a 'got to keep going' attitude."

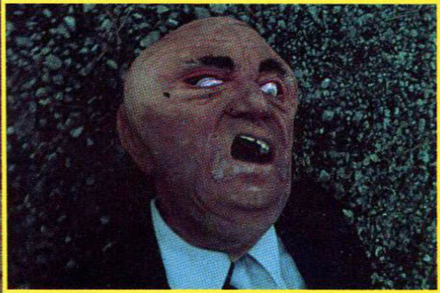
With a new focus, Jackson retitled the flick *Giles' Big Day*. Since actor Craig Smith (who was playing the charity guy) got married, the director decided to take the story in a different path, introducing a Government commando squad called the Alien Investigation and Defense Service as a force to fight the evil space invaders. When Jackson couldn't persuade anyone to act for free, he took on the role of Derek, a commando who turns into a chainsaw-wielding psychopath. Derek also has one of the best scenes in the movie: He falls off a cliff, tears open the top of his head, performs brain surgery on himself, then goes ape.

Bad Taste's lengthy production schedule was problematical, a situation compounded by the director's having to finance nearly everything out of his own pocket. "My $12,000-a-year salary didn't go very far," he admits. "Sometimes I couldn't afford to pay the lab bills or buy new film. In fact, at one point we couldn't shoot for six weeks because I had no money to buy film and owed the lab $700."

By this time, the flick had its current title and was creeping its way nearer to completion. On two occasions Jackson had approached the New Zealand Film Commission for aid but had been turned down. Fortunately, he persevered, and it was a case of third time lucky. The government-funded company has a stake in nearly every movie made in the country, including Geoff Murphy's end-of-the-world SF drama *The Quiet Earth* and David Blyth's gut-crunching splatfest, *Death Warmed Up*. The Commission allocated Jackson $50,000 to refilm a more spectacular ending and cover some other general production costs. This sum, however, was not enough to cover postproduction. At the same time, veteran editor Tony Hiles was brought in as consultant producer to guide the picture. He was, Jackson acknowledges, a key figure in shaping the film.

"I really don't know if *Death Warmed Up* actually had any real influence on the Commission's decision to put money into the film," he comments. "The main reason comes down to the fact they felt they could get their money back once it was distributed. They can't just give out money, they have to act like a bank." Originally, the Commission considered releasing *Bad Taste* on video, but a screening of the rough cut convinced them to put up another $40,000 to have it blown up to 35mm for possible theatrical distribution.

As for the flick's gore content, Jackson decided to go over the top. He finds excessive blood funny. "Whenever I watch a gore movie, it makes me laugh," he admits. "I can't take that stuff seriously. I see it all in Monty Python terms. That type of humor appeals to me, and I kept that at the back of my mind while I was filming. I've not seen any of Herschell Gordon Lewis' films or John Waters'—not for want of trying,



The MPAA's reaction to a *Bad Taste* screening, perhaps?

Bet that wouldn't have happened if he wore Reeboks.

Monty Python meets the *Re-Animator* might be one way of describing the indescribable *Bad Taste*.

mind you [they're banned in New Zealand]—so if *Bad Taste* is influenced by anything, it's the Pythons.

"It was always my intention to make it incredibly gory and funny, the main reason being I'd had some experience doing effects for my little brat movies and blood and guts are the easiest effects to do," Jackson continues. "I make no apology for liking spectacular gore."

Bad Taste is no work of high art, but on the gore score it goes right off the scale, featuring everything you can imagine and then some. Jackson handled most of the grisly FX himself, assisted by Cameron Chittock, a professional makeup FX artist and close friend of the director. "I'd never used latex before this film," Jackson confides. "It really was a crash course in that respect. Tom Savini's *Grande Illusions* book was my main reference source throughout. Cameron's help was invaluable during the last year, which was when he had to make all the aliens."

It wasn't until this year's Cannes Film Festival that Peter Jackson realized he'd made a hot property. *Bad Taste* suddenly began attracting foreign distributors in droves, and then went on to win an award at the annual Paris Horror Film Festival in June.

Although the film has not had any censorship problems in its native land, Jackson firmly believes that if it's submitted to the MPAA in the United States, it will automatically be awarded an X rating. "That's no problem, as far as I'm concerned," he states. "I only hope the distributor doesn't decide to cut it to an R, because that defeats the whole purpose. I would rather not have it seen at all, if that's the case. If you cut the gore down, you're going to lose a lot of the humor. In New Zealand it was awarded a 16 rating—but then, our censorship's fine. *Evil Dead* got a 16, so did *Dawn of the Dead* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, neither of which were cut. The only movie that was banned for a number of years was the original *Mad Max*; it was felt the film would encourage gang warfare between bikers and car clubs."

Beyond *Bad Taste* lies an even gorier project Jackson has already written with two other friends. "It's a totally over-the-top zombie picture, but again it'll be funny in a black comedy sense," he discloses. "We're aiming for 35mm and Dolby stereo. We're currently trying to raise the $1.3 million we need to do it properly. Things are looking good, so we could be in production very soon. I originally wanted to call it *Brain Dead*, but that's too close to *Brain Damage*. My alternative was *Housebound*, but that's too similar to *Hellbound*. So I have no idea what to call it right now."

There's also the possibility of a *Bad Taste 2*. "All I can say about that at present is that it's about a mad scientist," Jackson hedges, "although where he fits into the story, you'll have to wait until it's completed to find out."

On the strength of this lot, it seems Peter Jackson may become known as New Zealand's answer to Lucio Fulci. "Hey, that's fine by me," he laughs.

Bad Taste. If you've got it, flaunt it.

REVIEW

HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER II

If Dr. Channard can't keep a grip on himself, the forces of hell will do it for him.

By MARC SHAPIRO

"... a first-rate and seamless exercise in horrifying tone and jagged black texture..."

"Don't break my heart, Clive," I muttered to myself as I settled into a theater seat. 1988 has been a bloated year for sequels to this point, with enough subpar and just plain lousy *Part Whatevers* to give this horror hack gas. The last thing the horror world needs is a bummer from Barker, even if his handprints are only nominally on *Hellbound: Hellraiser II*.

Two hours later: prayers answered. From the opening nightmarish flashbacks through the slick/smart sequel-in-mind ending, *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* plays like the movie equivalent of a slaughterhouse tour. The second chapter of Clive Barker's sick saga is a first-rate and seamless exercise in horrifying tone and jagged black texture, a compendium of legit entertainment that, creatively, gives great mouth-to-mouth terror.

Hellbound kicks in scant hours after *Hellraiser*'s bloody finale at 55 Lodovico Street. Kirsty (Ashley Laurence) awakens from her precredit nightmare to discover herself in the Channard Institute for the mentally disturbed. Heading up the big rubber room is the notorious Dr. Channard (Ken Cranham), a calculating mad scientist-type keen on discovering the world of extreme pleasure and pain that troubled Kirsty in the first film.

In short, methodical order, first-time director Tony Randel draws from a quite literate Peter Atkins script to take us on a mood-sustaining odyssey through gloom-drenched set pieces in which Kirsty discovers her father's torment in hell, the secret behind the puzzle-solving skills of mute inmate Tiffany (Imogen Boorman), and a full-blown journey into the other side.

And this setting will play havoc with every notion you've ever had about the underworld of fire and brimstone. For openers, there's very little fire and almost no brimstone to speak of. What *Hellbound* postulates (and very well, I might add) is a shadowy, surreal world of abrupt angles and odd shapes. Bits and pieces of borrowed and pieced-together visions, effectively photographed by Robin Vidgeon, give the impression of a world without end. The footage *Hellraiser II* spends in hell is, in an admittedly subtle way, a fright that messes with the mind in a raw, grim-fisted manner.

However, by the time the sequel hits the hot bricks, giving the audience a more probing look at the Cenobites and a cameo by that flayed letch Frank, *Hellraiser II* has already put its most memorable moments (and the clearest definition yet of what makes Clive Barker's horror tick) on screen. In a darkly lit sequence, Channard, after retrieving the blood-stained mattress upon which Julia (Clare Higgins) died, induces the murderess' resurrection through a gut-churning exercise that can only be described as erotica layered upon grisly, gore-soaked horror. The filmmakers cement this cinema sin a few frames down the road when, after agreeing to supply victims to restore Julia's flesh, Channard cops the most explicit gross-out/sensuous feel in genre history.

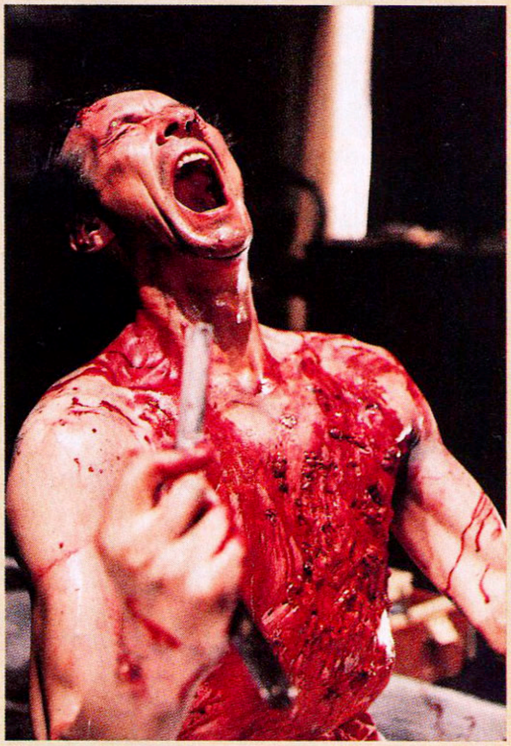
Higgins and Cranham have a solid bit of chemistry going throughout the movie that literally arcs between them in these scenes and, to a slightly lesser degree, in those that follow, adding steam to an obvious pattern of cross and

Director Tony Randel deals with a delicate skinless actor as Geoff Portass (far right) listens intently.

Hellbound Photos: Murray Close/Copyright 1988 New World

FX Photo: Courtesy Geoff Portass

From left: Beverly Pond-Jones, Little John and Geoff Portass bring Julia back.



FX Photo: Courtesy Geoff Portass

Oliver Smith should switch to an electric razor.

double-cross that could have run out of gas in less capable hands.

With Higgins and Cranham in their way, it's to be expected that Laurence and Boorman would come in second on *Hellraiser II*'s acting meter. But both, given the limitations that hystrionics and running and dodging the influences of puzzle boxes offer, turn in necessary and workmanlike portrayals.

Hellbound: Hellraiser II, like its predecessor, is an often elusive, mercurial beast. In Randel's hands, the picture's reins never grow too slack. Not that things don't get occasionally muddled; there's a tad too much running down of passageways for my liking (a bit of the old pad, perhaps) and what has been effectively stark horror takes on a confusing and irritating dose of fantasy near film's end.

Special FX rear their gruesome, over-the-top heads, ranging from good to very good (in the other-dimensional sequences) to downright disgusting and excellent (depending on what the MPAA rating board permits by the time you see it) in the aforementioned resurrection and Cenobite visions. And yes, those dread grappling hooks and chains make enough of an impression to enhance their reputation as aces in the horror hardware department. Kudos to Image Animation, whose work here certainly won't hurt their chances for future employment.

Hellbound: Hellraiser II, like just about ever other movie that makes back a buck over its cost, leaves the gates open for a third trip down Cenobite Lane. But hey, as long as the quality stays this high and the story, gore and the promise of even more depravity mixed with terror remain in the offing, this reviewer is willing to sit still until the day when Kirsty and Pinhead are pulling wheelchair wheelies in hell's Old Folks Home. ✸

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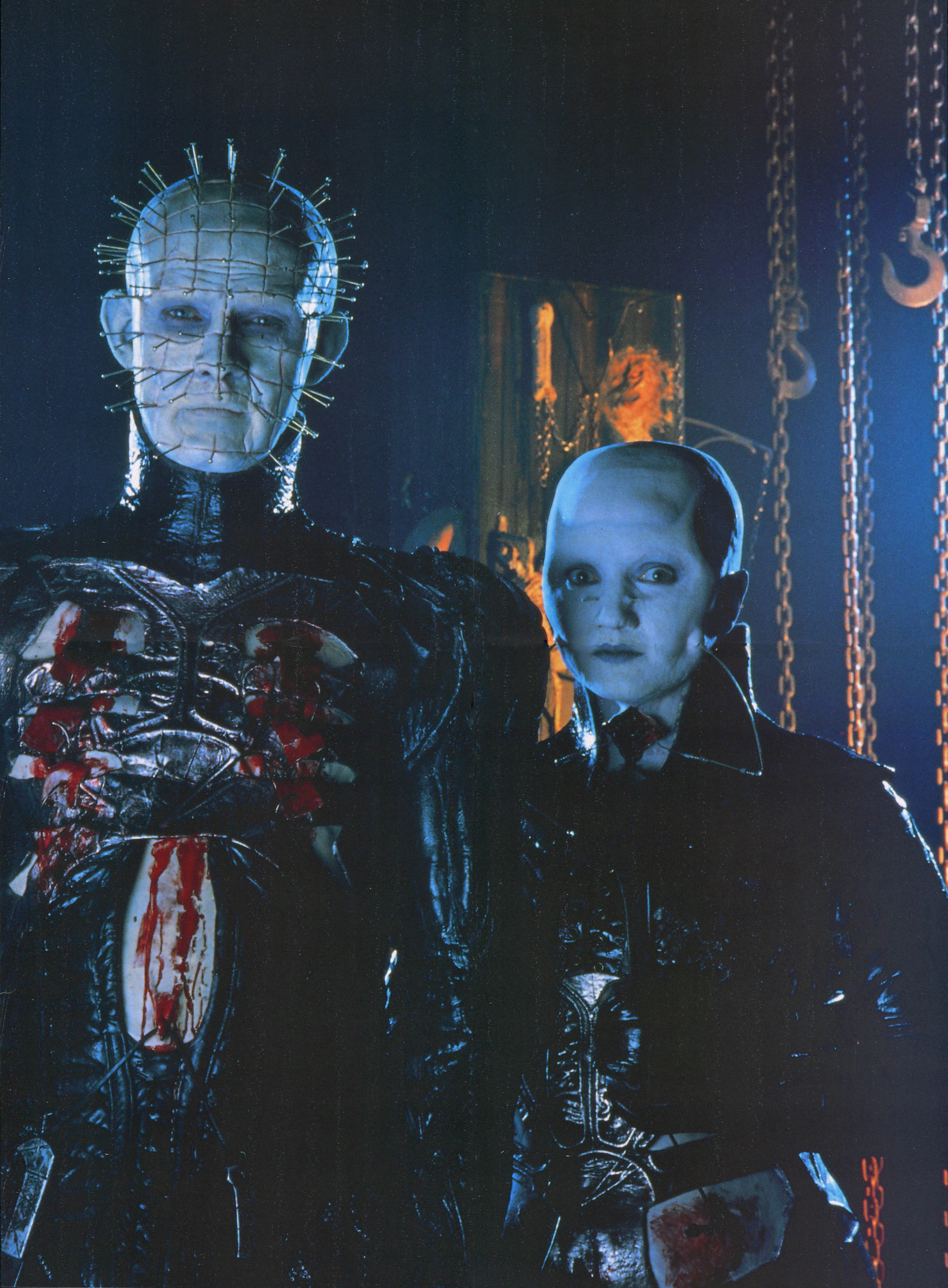


HORRORSCOPE

Once Bitten, Twice Dead

You think you've had problems moving into a new neighborhood? Well, consider the plight of the Cates family in Concorde's new film *Twice Dead.* They've just inherited a Beverly Hills mansion from a long-lost uncle, only to find it crumbling in the midst of a slum area prowled by a vicious street gang. To make matters worse, the house itself is occupied by the angry spirit of a stage actor who killed himself there in the 1930s. So the Cates clan winds up being, to quote Concorde publicity, "hunted by day, haunted by night."

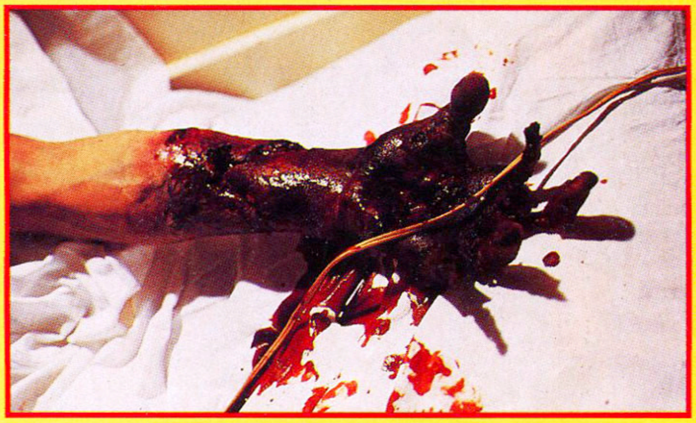
Twice Dead stars Tom Breznahan and Jill (*Night of the Creeps*) Whitlow as the Cates children, with Sam Melville and Brooke Bundy (Kristen's mom from *Nightmare on Elm Street 3* and *4*) as their parents. The film was co-written and directed by Bert L. Dragin, who produced Penelope Spheeris' punk film *Suburbia* and directed the allegorical thriller *The Butterfly Revolution*. The success of that film on video under the new title *Summer Camp Nightmare* led Dragin to his current project.

"I had said I'd never do a horror film," he explains, "but since *Nightmare* sold so well on video, I figured we might as well make a horror film and try to make a name for ourselves in the business. So I took an idea I had to Embassy Video, which had released *Nightmare*, and they liked the idea. I wrote the screenplay, and they liked that, and they made a deal to buy the video rights. Then I took that deal to Roger Corman and made a theatrical distribution deal with him."

Like any self-respecting supernatural flick, *Twice Dead* did see some unnatural occurrences during its shoot. Dragin swears the following story is true: "We rented the house we shot in from the housekeeper of an 80-year-old man named Al Green, who was in the hospital at the time, and during the filming he died. Later on, my production designer came up to me and said, 'Look at these pictures we took for continuity.' I looked through them, and there were two pictures which had a white, ghostlike apparition above the bed in which the old man slept. We traced them back to the day we took them, and it was the day the man died. The lab could absolutely not explain it when we took the pictures back."

Does *Twice Dead* merely pay lip service to the gore genre?

For the onscreen supernatural shenanigans, which could not be trusted to such paranormal interference, Dragin called on makeup FX artist Michael Burnett. A veteran of such movies as *Aliens*, *Evil Dead II* and *The Blob*, Burnett is also known to readers of FANGORIA for his makeup and mask company ads. Highlights of his work in *Twice Dead*, according to Dragin, include "a character's head that gets decapitated and winds up on top of an old-fashioned gramophone, spinning at 78 rpm. Then there's a couple electrocuted in bed while making love; the guy spills a beer onto a frayed electrical cord in an electric blanket, and he grabs it and the ghost turns on the blanket, and he's electrocuted while she's still enjoying herself. She's coming while he's going." This scene, as well as an exploding head and a gang member attacked by his own motorcycle, had to be trimmed to get an R rating.



Michael Burnett's makeup FX play a pivotal role in *Twice Dead.*

Photos: Courtesy Concorde Pictures

Dragin has been happy with his working relationship with Corman, and hopes to continue it in the future. "It would be my pleasure to work for Roger again; I really respect him," Dragin asserts. "He's given a lot of people a wonderful opportunity to learn the film business. Hopefully, if this film is well-received, I'll be doing a sequel. It'll be called *Thrice Dead.*"

—Michael Gingold

Evil Clutch takes its cues from *The Evil Dead.*

PASTALAND SPLATTER ROUNDUP

As always, we can count on our blood brethren from the boot-shaped country to keep the red sauce flowing.

By MARIO CORTINI with PHILIP NUTMAN

Sorry, we already used the "Ring around the collar" joke .

Movies, like most things in life, revolve in cycles, and Italian exploitation flicks are certainly no exception. Post-nuke *Road Warrior* rip-offs are out, as are sword-and-sorcery extravaganzas. With rising production costs and a major drop in cinema attendance, spaghetti producers have finally discovered foreign home video sales are not enough to cover their costs.

This has led to financing deals with RAI, the national TV network. Horror movies are back in style, but due to television's influence, they are tamer than we've come to expect. Other than that, it's the same old song and dance: movies that seldom make sense, with Dario Argento and FX artist Sergio Stivaletti still the leading lights of the field.

Following the commercial failure of *Opera* (Fango #74), however, Argento has remained undecided concerning his future projects. He was considering a voodoo story, but this is now on permanent hold. The Italian master appears to be seriously contemplating a film set in India as this article goes to print, though nothing is fixed and no further information is available. One can never predict what Argento will attempt next, since it all depends upon his mercurial state of mind. What's certain is that we'll have to wait at least two years before he's behind the camera again. (Argento, it should be obvious, is not a man to make snap decisions.) In the meantime, he is supervising the polishing of the final draft of *Demons 3* (a.k.a. *Return to the City of the Demons* and *Return to Demon Country*; it's set in the Middle Ages), due to start shooting this fall with Michele Soavi directing.

Claudio Argento, Dario's brother, is currently producing a horror project titled *Santa Sangre*. The director is Alejandro Jodorowski, creator of the underground hit *El Topo* (1971). Readers may recall that Jodorowski was originally slated to helm *Dune* years before David Lynch took over.

Makeup FX wizard Sergio Stivaletti is busier than ever these days. His latest offering is *Il Nido Del Ragno* (a.k.a. *Splendida*, "Spider Labyrinth"), the directorial debut of Gianfranco Giagni. This eerie thriller's above-average production values caused a stir at this year's Cannes Film Festival where the film was screened to notable interest. The story involves the fear of spiders and builds to a heavy duty climax featuring a full-scale cable-controlled human baby spider. (Yeah, try and figure that one out.) Stivaletti also used stop-motion animation for some scenes.

At present, Stivaletti is hard at work on preproduction for *Demons 3*, assisted by French FX technician Benoit Lestang, whose credits include Henenlotter's *Brain Damage*. Before *Demons 3* starts to roll, the Italian artist will work on *The Rift*, yet another underwater monster movie (the fourth so far this year), directed by *Slugs* helmer Juan Piquer Simon and entirely Spanish-financed.

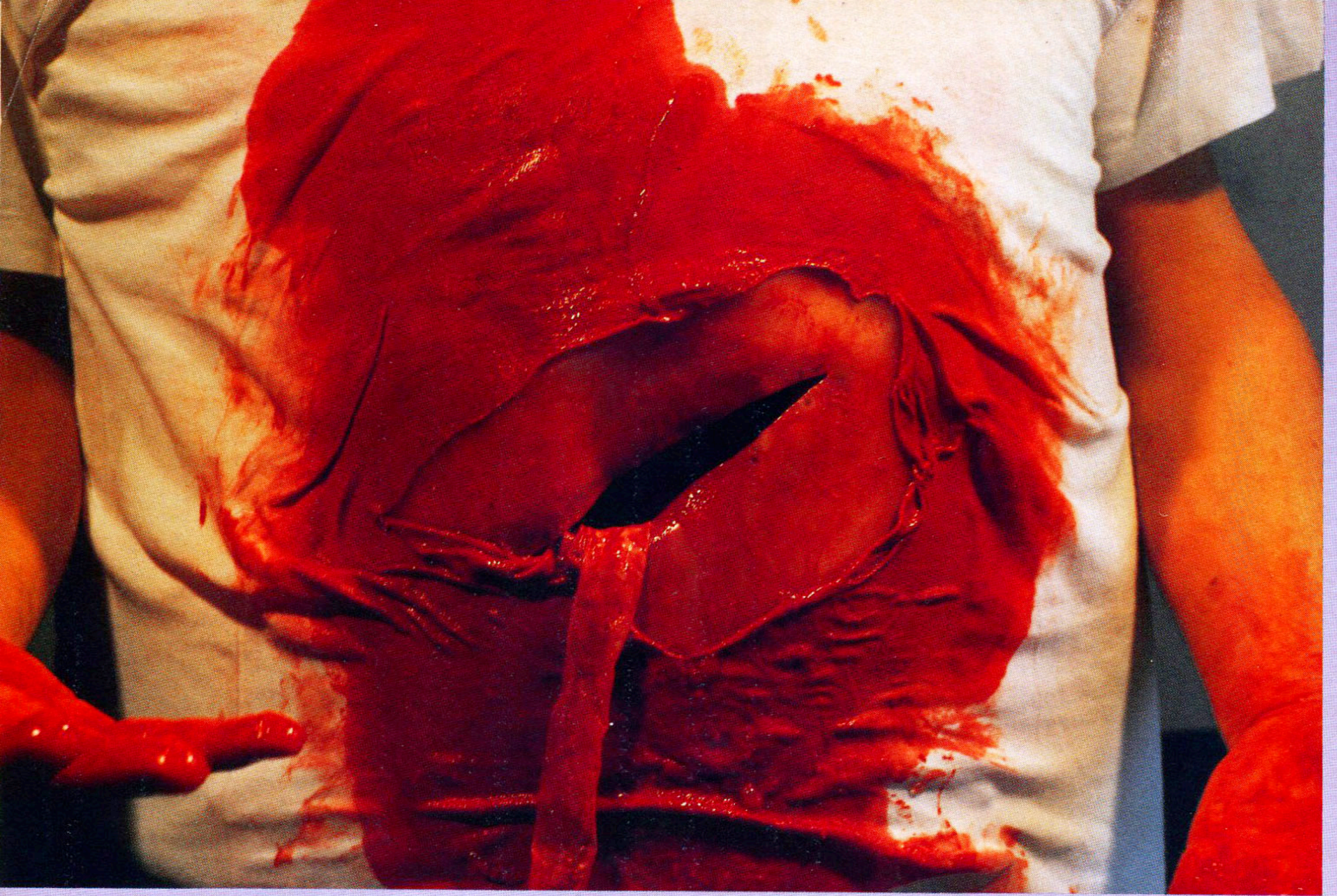
When you think of spaghetti splatter, one name immediately springs to mind: Lucio Fulci. We've heard little of Fulci recently. The veteran director was out of commission for some time following an open heart operation, but is now back in bloody business, having filmed two genre entries in a row: *Aenigma*, made in late 1987, and *Zombie 3*, lensed at the start of 1988. The latter was screened to mixed results at the Paris Horror Film Festival last June.

Aenigma was filmed in America on a

Photo: Imperial Entertainment

Those Italians can never find the proper place to store their hedge clippers.

Actors scream a lot in Italian horror flicks like *Killing Birds* 'cause it saves on dubbing costs.



The human ticker tape machine from *My Lovely Burnt Brother*.

tiny budget, so the film is even cheaper-looking than usual. A female-slanted story similar to that of the Australian paranormal thriller *Patrick*, *Aenigma*'s scenario centers on a teenage girl (a la *Carrie*) who is the butt of her peers' cruel jibes. She is subsequently comatized following an accident, and since she fails to respond to any form of stimulus, the medics pronounce her clinically dead. But—surprise, surprise!—it's revenge time. She possesses the body of a fellow student and blood begins to flow. Original premise, huh? Fulci enlivens the mundane proceedings with a handful of ultragory scenes, including a naked girl violated by an army of slugs and snails. Jared Martin of TV's *War of the Worlds* toplines.

Zombie 3 is even less original in concept and appears to have been made because it was a safe bet. The "sequel," however, is not a zombie gut-chomp fest in the usual Fulci mode. No real walking dead turn up in this poor imitation. The title creatures are the population of a town situated somewhere in Southwest Asia, who are contaminated by a leak of toxic nerve gas from a secret military dump. Sound familiar? Try this: The first victim is cremated, spreading the disease through the air. So much for originality.

***Aenigma* proudly presents the screen's first rape-by-snails scene. Put that in your record books.**

Zombie 3's main problem derives from its budgetary restraints. The filmmakers spent zero dinero on this stuff, gang. There's little gore and *no* major chunk-blowing excesses. When the makeup FX do happen, they're so damn amateurish that they're embarrassing. Hey, come on, Lucio, stop putzing around and deliver the goods like you used to—daylight seen through a little girl's head, drilling for brains, people regurgitating their guts. . . We know you can do it, big guy.

One of Italy's other cannibal gut-crunch specialists has also been working out recently. When he doesn't direct, Joe D'Amato (a.k.a. Aristide

Massaccesi) produces. Last year saw him finance Umberto Lenzi's *Ghosthouse* (a U.S. video release from Imperial Entertainment, the distributor of *Stagefright* and *Specters*) and Claude Milliken's *Killing Birds*. Lenzi, in case you've forgotten, is yet another cannibals-eat-your-intestines auteur. But *Ghosthouse* is a tamer cup of sputum altogether and, like Fulci's *Aenigma*, was lensed in America on a small budget. It's semi-*Evil Dead* meets *Poltergeist* territory, the story (as such) revolving around an evil doll. No real surprises here, either, but it's a competent 90 minutes with a reasonable body count and spurts of the old red stuff.

Killing Birds was originally offered to Michele Soavi (who directed the highly recommended *Stagefright*), but when he turned it down, Milliken (a.k.a. Claudio Lattanzi, a rock video hack) jumped at the chance to make a typically confusing psychological thriller that only the Italians can create. The story, as we understand it, covers a Vietnam vet who kills his wife, his lover's husband and everyone else in the vicinity, as well as (just to give some explanation for the title) a hawk. Twenty years later, a group of teenagers camp out in the area and—yes, you guessed it. Just throw in a few zombie victims stumbling around so the *Friday the 13th* people don't sue. The flick stars Robert Vaughn as a one-eyed ex-GI. (According to one source, the birds ate the guy's other eye.)

Producer/director Fabrizio De Angelis was one of the men behind the numerous *Escape From New York* rip-offs that now clutter our video stores. He now bears a new pseudonym, Anthony Ascot, and made the 1987 horror film *Quella Villa In Fondo Al Parco* ("The House at the End of the Park"). The English title was *Ratman*, which was dropped after a threatened lawsuit from the producers of Warner Bros.' *Ratboy*. A new English moniker has not yet been decided, but the original one sums it up. The main character is a genetic mutation, part rat, part monkey. If it scratches you, you're dead. In a questionable move, the filmmakers used a man with a rare pathological disease for the title role. So bad is this actor's condition that they didn't have to use makeup FX to any degree. David (*Miami Horror*) Warbeck co-stars with Janet Agren. A sequel exists, shot back to back with the original. De Angelis also produced Luigi Cozzi's *Paganini Horror*, which features Argento regular Daria Niçolodi and the ubiquitous Donald Pleasence.

Legally, the Italian government can invest in "art" films; surprisingly, they've also invested in *Evil Clutch*, which finished shooting in July and marks the directorial debut of one Andrea Marfori. It's in the style of the first *Evil Dead*, pitting a newlywed couple against a vampire woman in an old house. Said vampire wench then casts a spell to raise the dead from the local graveyard. To complete the film, Marfori inserted footage from *Gory Sand*, his previous short film. Consequently, *Evil Clutch* has some continuity problems. But when have the Italians ever worried about that? New York's Troma Inc. picked up *Evil Clutch* for American distribution.

"A cross between *Evil Dead* and John Waters' *Pink Flamingos*," is how young moviemakers Giovanni Arduino and Andrea Lioy like to describe their motion picture debut, *My Lovely Burnt Brother* (a.k.a. *Mad Bloody Movie*). It's the story of an average-looking girl who seeks revenge upon her taunting enemies. The script is primarily a vehicle for excessive gore scenes and buckets of bad taste. The two filmmakers financed the project themselves and have already covered their costs by preselling the flick to Japan, where blood and guts reap big box office.

One can never predict what Argento will attempt next, since it all depends on his mercurial state of mind.

As this article was in preparation, Joe D'Amato had started work on *Witchcraft* by Fabrizio Laurenti, which stars *The Exorcist*'s Linda Blair and David (*Star Crash*) Hasselhoff. Filmed around Boston, the story deals with a house on a cliff near Salem which projects a strange shadow at sundown. Blair arrives to investigate with a team of scientists, and all hell breaks lose.

It's a shame so many Italian movies fall short of their potential (e.g. Argento's recent works) or set their sights so low. But at least there is an interest in the field. What Italian gore really needs is a new Argento to inject fresh blood into the spaghetti splatter sauce. ✸

Photo: Imperial Entertainment

Looks like this *Ghosthouse* actor fell into a vat of molten white chocolate.

Photo: Imperial Entertainment

Don't all good little girls sleep in crypts with their dolls?

Fulci goes back to the morgue in his poorly-received *Aenigma*.

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S

MAKEUP FX LAB

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

By DOUG DREXLER

Another issue? One more and that's a full year! In our first season with GOREZONE, we've introduced ourselves and, hopefully, have stimulated your interest in makeup and makeup techniques. In the coming year, we will continue to report our personal views from the bridge. And for you "technoheads" out there, take heart! We promise more instructional-type goodies, step-by-step stuff with top-drawer photography. *So please standy by.*

PHOTO 1: Over the last decade, we've had the opportunity to create "real life" violence for some unique directors, among them Francis Coppola (for *The Cotton Club*), Michael Cimino (for *Year of the Dragon*) and Michael Mann (for *Manhunter*). When you get a call from a director like that, a different kind of thunderbolt hits you. One minute, the guy's a page out of film history; the next minute, a flesh-and-blood human.

Our pictorial this issue lifts the skirts on some of our past "real life" FX, executed for those men and others. We'll take a look at a brand of prosthetics that John and I have dubbed "dermal camouflage." It does not add character, age or horror to a face. Its virtue is in its absolute invisibility. The audience must *not* know it's there, *period*.

PHOTO 2: So let's start the ball rolling from the very beginning. The scene is just a tendril of an idea. The shot hasn't been designed yet, a lot of blab. So what do you do? *Take the initiative*! Fire a harpoon into it. Be the first to visualize the shot. Draw a picture. Let your concrete image be the first thing they see.

It's important to storyboard the shot.
A verbal description can be interpreted; an illustration cannot!
With a drawing, it's impossible to nail a scene down.
Let them know where you're at, so you're all on the same ground.
Remember these words, and remember them well:
With verbal descriptions are the roads paved to hell!
In *Year of the Dragon*, Mickey Rourke had his day—
Two slugs for Perez, then arterial spray!

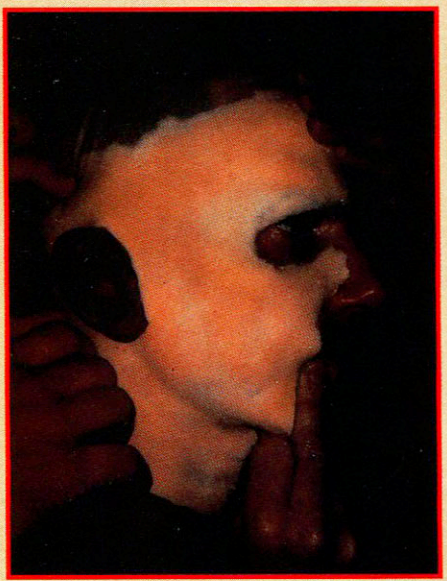


PHOTO 3: Film: *Year of the Dragon*. Requested damage: a blown-off ear and one shot to the temple. Solution: one hollow ear, fitted with two one-quarter grain squibs. The ear is Karo-filled and rigged with thrown debris. The forehead hit is fed by a flat 724 tube punctuated with one-quarter grain squib.

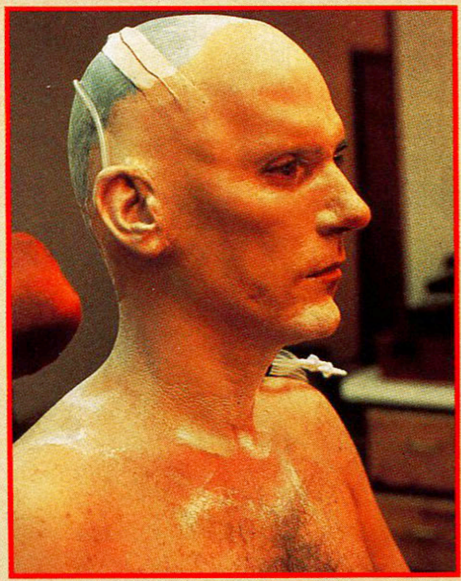


PHOTO 4: The appliance has been secured and blended. Notice that John extended the perimeter of the piece well beyond the point of the audience's attention.

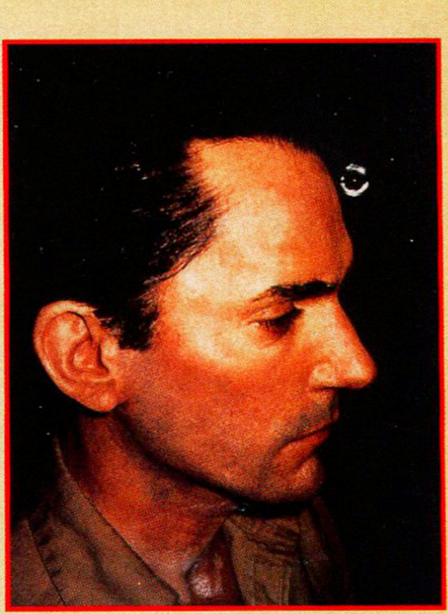


PHOTO 5: The finished makeup. Bald cap, full side-of-the-face appliance, wax ear, wig, eyebrows and paint. Perez is ready to meet the .44 Bulldog.

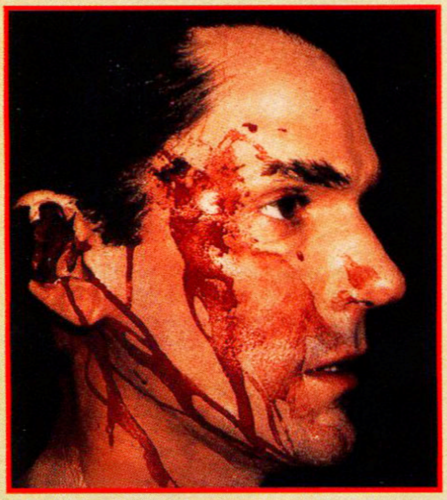


PHOTO 6: The bloody aftermath. We were very, very pleased. The only thing that would have made it better is if they had gotten the shot! But no dice, Chicago.

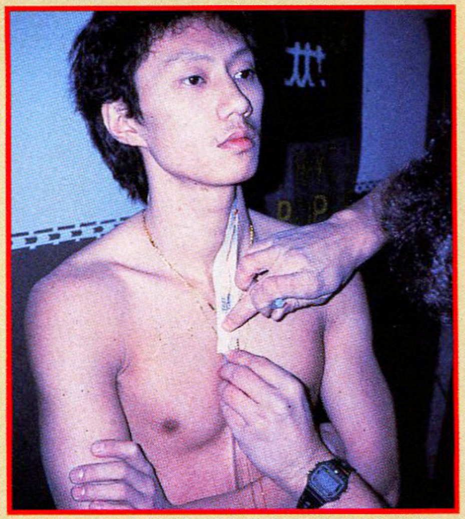


PHOTO 7: Another bullet hit utilizing the same technique as the Perez head shot. A 724 flat tube, punctuated with a squib . . .

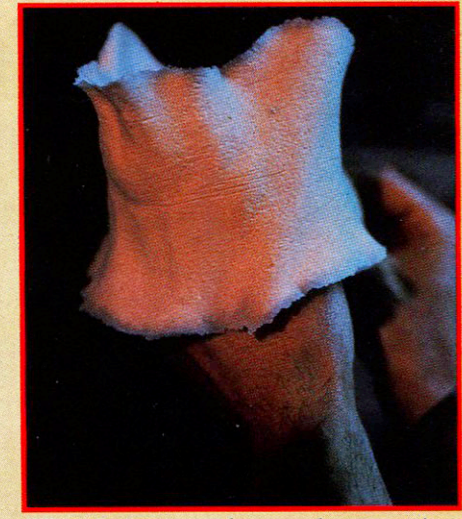
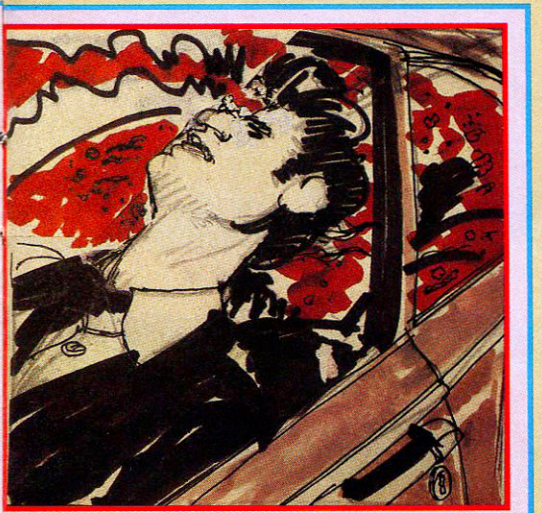


PHOTO 8: . . . and covered over with a wraparound neck appliance. We prescore the appliance to assure a proper bullet hole.



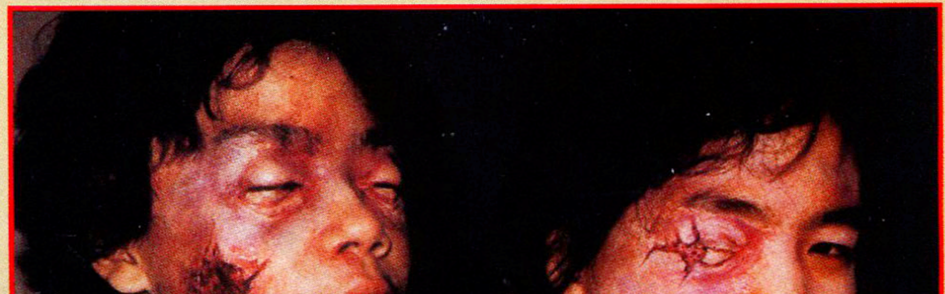


PHOTO 9: Another *Year of the Dragon* aftermath shot, the unfortunate Pei brothers. They were executed by Go Joey, their bodies dumped into a subterranean soy bean paddy.

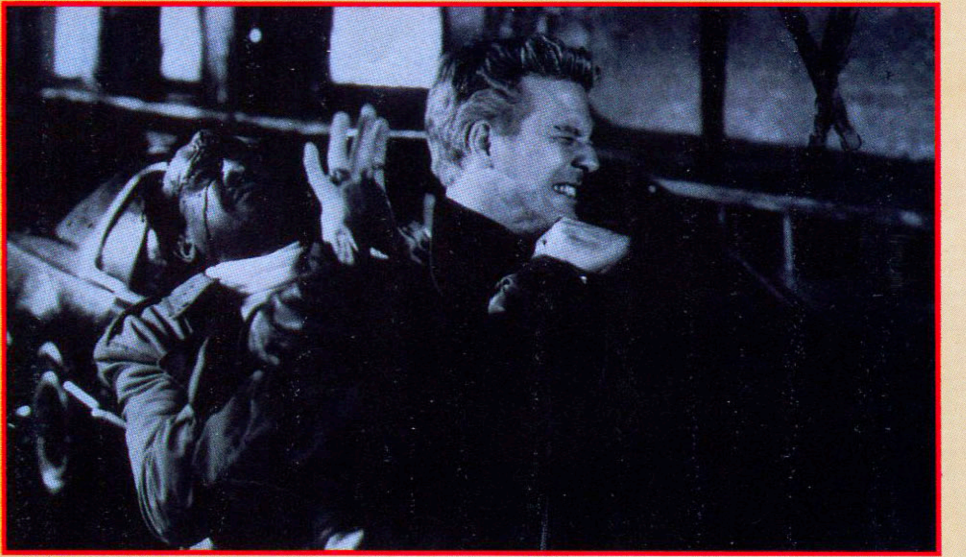


PHOTO 10: *Missed it by that much*! Here's the scene: Mickey's got the drop on gangster Joey Tai. Joey's bodyguard steps in from behind and gets the drop on Mickey. Joey goes for a concealed weapon and squeezes off an erratic shot. It takes Mickey through the hand, striking the bodyguard in the forehead.

Fine. So what went wrong? *Sometimes you get a bad squib*! Look closely at the bodyguard's forehead. It's swollen like Excedrin headache #32. The blast didn't happen, unbeknownst to us, so we're happily pumping blood with all our might.

PHOTO 13: On *F/X*, we worked with Carl Fullerton in Jersey. Instead of your usual locked-off dummy head, we built this body extension. It was in fact a Jerry Orbach puppet, and offered complete mobility.

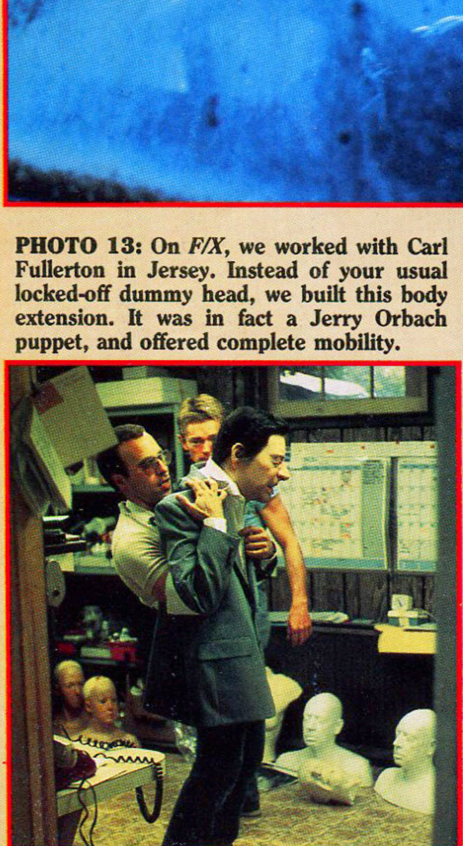
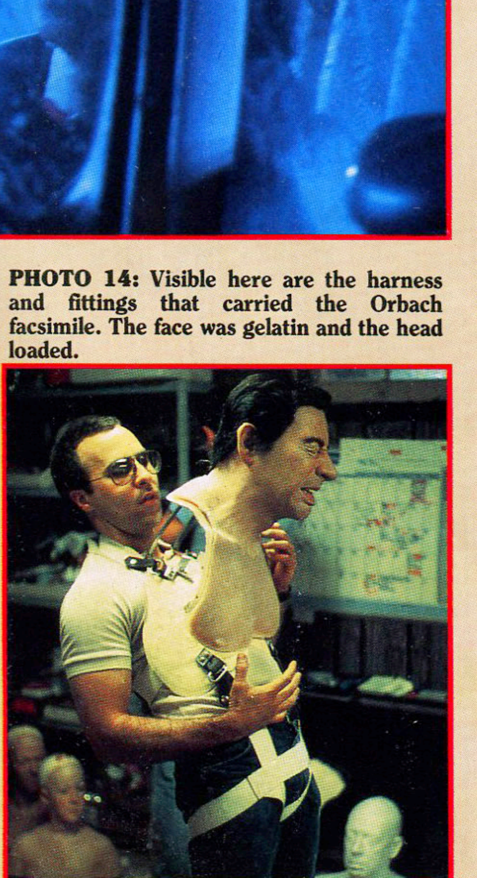


PHOTO 14: Visible here are the harness and fittings that carried the Orbach facsimile. The face was gelatin and the head loaded.



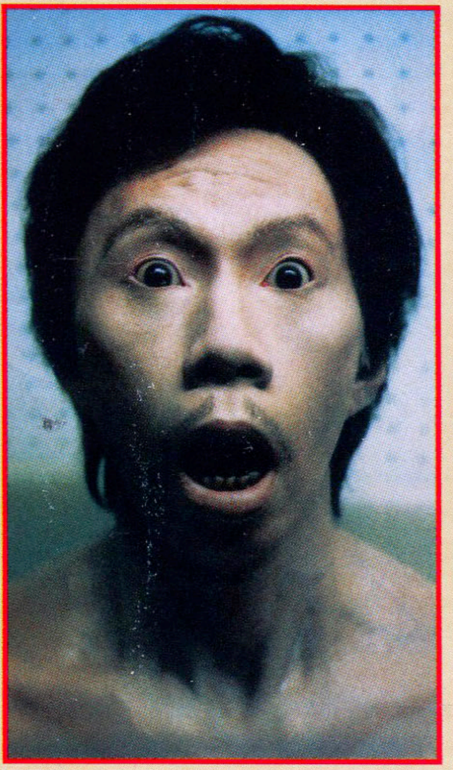
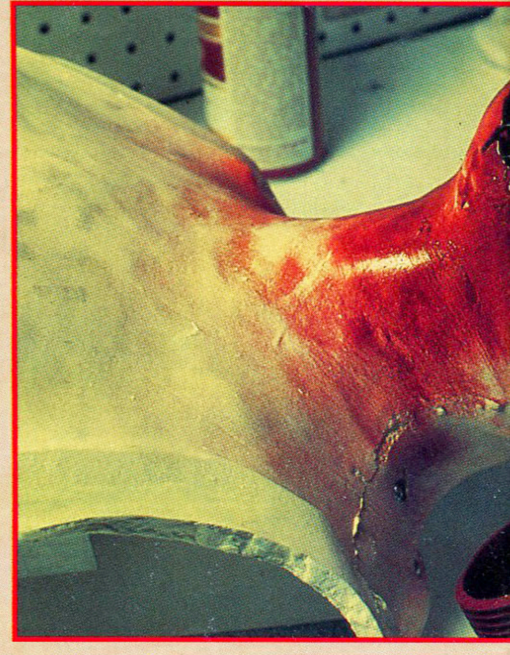


PHOTO 11: Well, well. Paybacks *are* a bitch. This is one of Joey's "midget" hitmen immortalized in gelatin. One night, on a frosty New York City street corner, Michael Cimino put it like this: "I want to see his f* * *ing face hit the windshield!" Happy to oblige, sir! For this effect we drafted the formidable talents of Neal Martz, who froze on the set along with the rest of us.

PHOTO 12: Jeff Jarvis and his FX boys mounted what could be considered a bazooka into the back of the gelatin head. It was a press of a button and the last shot of the film. Nice to finish a job on an up note!

PHOTO 15: Substructure for the Orbach gelatin. On the bottom of the frame is the "cannon" that mounted into the back of the structure.



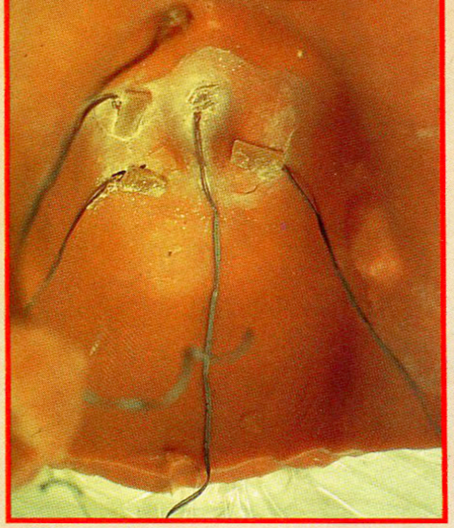


PHOTO 16: This is the backside of the gelatin face, loaded with squibs and prescored. These squibs would shatter Jerry's face while the rearmounted cannon would blow it free.

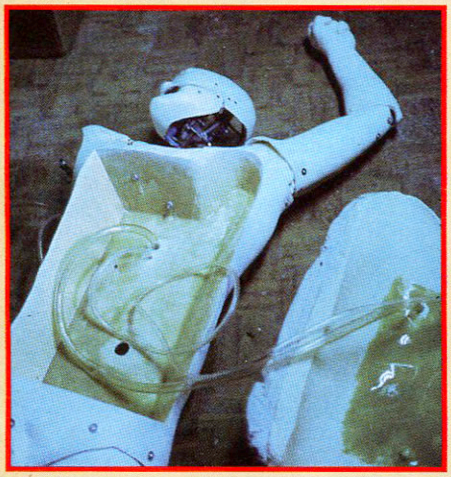


PHOTO 17: For Francis Coppola's *The Cotton Club*, an elaborate stabbing dummy was constructed by Neal Martz. The whole thing was hydraulic and allowed actor James Remar to literally "lose it." They actually had to drag Jamie off the ultrarealistic Mr. Flynn facsimile. Don't mess around with Jim!

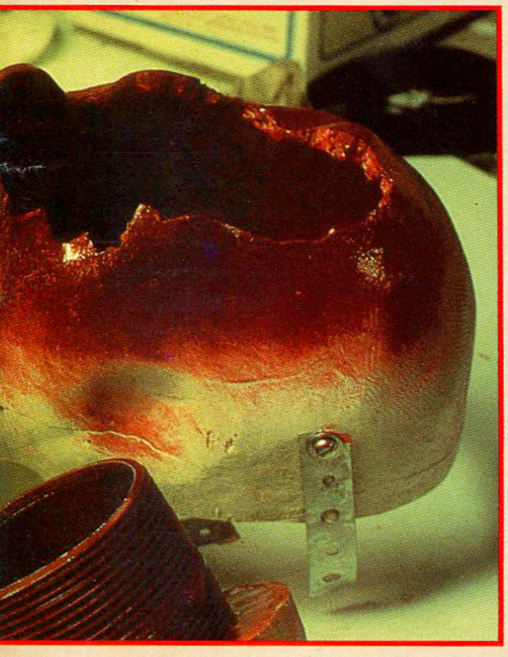


PHOTO 18: Dutch Schultz discovers that the quickest way to a man's heart is directly through his chest. Here's the Flynn stabbing dummy in all its glory. Check out the sadistic look of pleasure on Jamie's face! Keep in mind that this is several minutes *after* Coppola closed the scene.

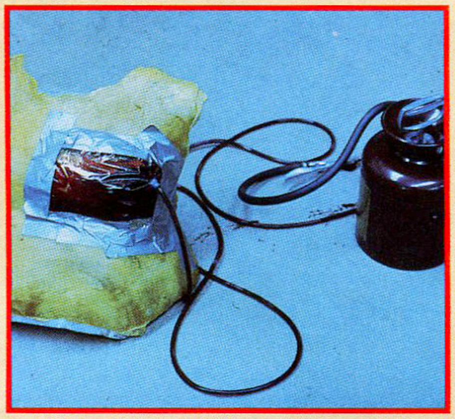


PHOTO 19: A simpler approach to making an actor safely "stabbable." A custom-formed steel shield with a 3-inch-thick polyfoam surface. The aggressor was armed with a semiretractable knife, while we pumped the red krovy through the perforated seal-a-meal bag.

PHOTO 20: It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it. John and Doug cast Glenn Close's hands for her attempted suicide in *Fatal Attraction*. In keeping with director Adrian Lyne's request for "no tubing," the talents of Kevin Haney were utilized to fabricate an invisible gelatin palm appliance and wrist. The palm appliance was designed with a reservoir filled with blood. Glenn merely had to squeeze her hands to get things flowing!

That brings us to *another* close. Once again, we sincerely hope that you found this installment of "The Lab" informative. And speaking of the lab, prepare to be beamed aboard! Next time, join Caglione & Drexler as we declare "open house," and throw wide the doors of our facility. Stand by for an intimate look at the East Coast's premiere makeup and makeup FX lab! Have a seat, put your feet up and set a spell! Y'all come back now, y'hear? ✸

All Photos: Copyright Caglione & Drexler

FICTION

CROOTER'S DOGS

By BOBBY G. WARNER

The dog was an enormous dark blur as it dashed out into the road in front of Joe Turn's truck. He jerked the steering wheel hard to the right and tromped on the brake pedal, trying to miss the animal. There was a sickening *thunk* as the side of the truck caught the dog a glancing blow.

The brakes locked and the truck skidded on shoulder gravel, its front end jolting over into a drainage ditch. The engine stalled.

Joe sat trembling behind the wheel, trying to get his wits back after the sudden shock of the incident. Not only had he hit the dog, he'd probably gotten the truck stuck, too.

He got out and walked around the back of the pickup. The dog lay like a large mound in the middle of the road. It was still, its eyes closed. He knew it was dead, and felt sick to his stomach. Joe had dogs of his own, and his insides turned to ice as he imagined how it would feel if that were Big Boy or Spottie or Hardhead Dan lying dead on the gritty concrete.

Joe knelt beside the animal. Its face looked like that of a young dog, a puppy. By God, it was big—had to weigh 50 pounds or more. It must be some kind of fancy foreign breed he had never heard of, to be that size before it was even half-grown. A damn shame, he thought, that a magnificent animal like that had to die in such a senseless way.

Joe stood, brushed off the knees of his jeans, then went back to inspect the damage to his truck. The tailgate pointed skyward at a sharp angle and the rear tires dangled several inches above the concrete. The front wheels were buried in the soft bottom of the ditch and the chassis was sunk in the gravel. He would need a wrecker to get the truck back onto the road.

Leaning against the truck, he lit a cigarette and cursed himself for taking a shortcut on the old Tulley Road section. Hardly anyone used it anymore since the State built the new expressway from Canborne to Jamely. He'd probably have to walk every step of the way—almost 15 miles—in the scorching heat to the main road.

"Lordy to God, he's killed!"

Startled by the voice, Joe whirled. An old man stood across the road, on the other side of the drainage ditch. He looked to be at least 80 years old and was wringing his hands in distress. His lined face was pale from shock.

"Jake Boy's done got run over."

The old man's quavering voice was laden with grief and anger. He pointed a trembling finger first at the dog, then at Joe.

"You killed him, Mister. You smashed Jake Boy up good."

The old man, like the dog, had seemingly appeared from nowhere. Joe squinted, looked hard past the man and saw a faint path leading back through high grass and weeds.

Joe crossed the road and stopped at the edge of the ditch.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes, sir, that was my dog. My Jake Boy. You squashed him good with that confounded machine of yours."

"I'm really sorry, Mister," Joe said. "I tried to stop, but he shot in front of me like a bullet. I wouldn't hurt a dog for anything, if I could help it. I'll pay you for him. I know that won't bring him back, but you can get yourself another one."

The old man stepped down into the ditch, surprisingly spry for his years, and came up the other side. He brushed past Joe and went to stand beside the dog, his shoulders sagging, his head bowed as though in prayer.

"I'm really sorry," Joe said again. "That was a fine-looking animal."

The old man looked over his shoulder at Joe. His eyes brimmed with tears, his face twisted in sorrow.

"I reckon it wasn't your fault. You seem like a nice fellow. Most wouldn't have risked their necks like you did, trying to miss hitting a dog. I don't want no pay for him. But I would be obliged if you'd do one thing for me. My place is over there in the woods. I'd appreciate it if you'd carry Jake Boy home for me and help me bury him in the yard."

And beyond, emerging from the shed, was another dog, larger even than the monstrous beast racing toward him.

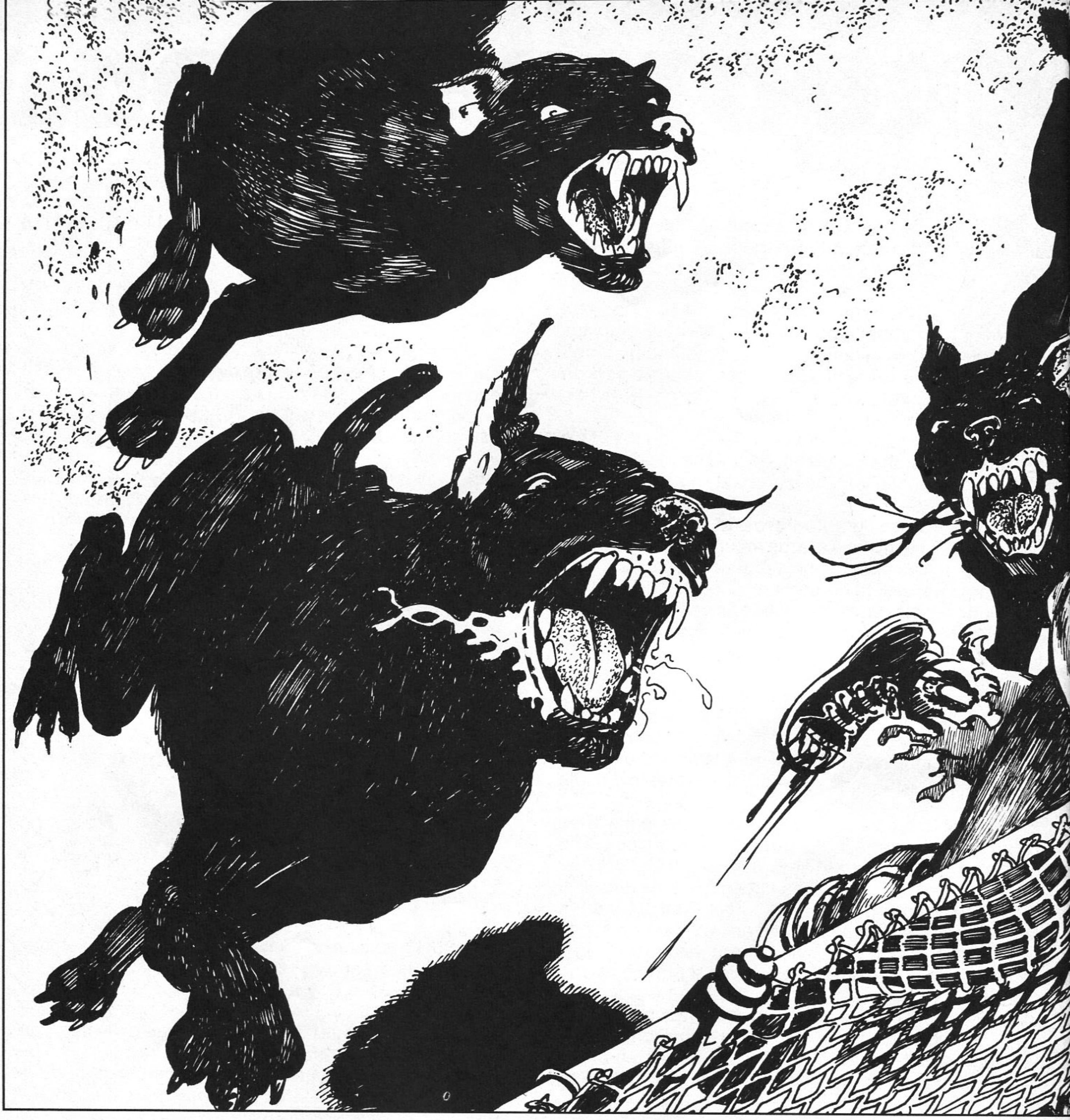
Seeing how much the old man was grieving, Joe hadn't the heart to refuse his request. Poor old guy. The dog had probably been his only companion. *When Annie Girl has her next batch of puppies*, Joe thought, *I'll let him have the pick of the litter.*

"Sure," said Joe. "Be glad to. When I'm finished, I wonder if you'd let me use your phone to call a wrecker to pull my truck out of the ditch?"

The old man pursed his lips and shook his head. "Fraid not, Mister. I never had need of one of them telephone instruments and don't suppose I ever will."

Joe stooped and put his arms under the dog's body. He started to lift the animal, grunting in surprise. The dog must have weighed closer to 70 pounds than 50. He set his feet firmly, got a better hold and lifted the dog to his chest. God, it was heavy!

"Name's Crooter," said the old man as he and Joe crossed the ditch. Before Joe could answer, Crooter scampered up the other side of the ditch and set off down the path. He had no trouble outdistancing Joe,



who had to keep stopping to shift the animal's body so he could get a better grip on it. Carrying it against his chest put too much strain on his back muscles, so he hefted it and draped it across his shoulder. That made the going a little easier, and he hurried to catch up.

The old man entered the treeline ahead, then vanished into the thick underbrush. Joe slogged on, his legs so tired they trembled with every step. The dog's weight bore down on his shoulder, throwing him off balance, but he staggered into the trees and waded through underbrush that all but obscured the path.

"Over this way, young fellow," the old man called from Joe's left. He turned in that direction, hoping he didn't have much farther to go.

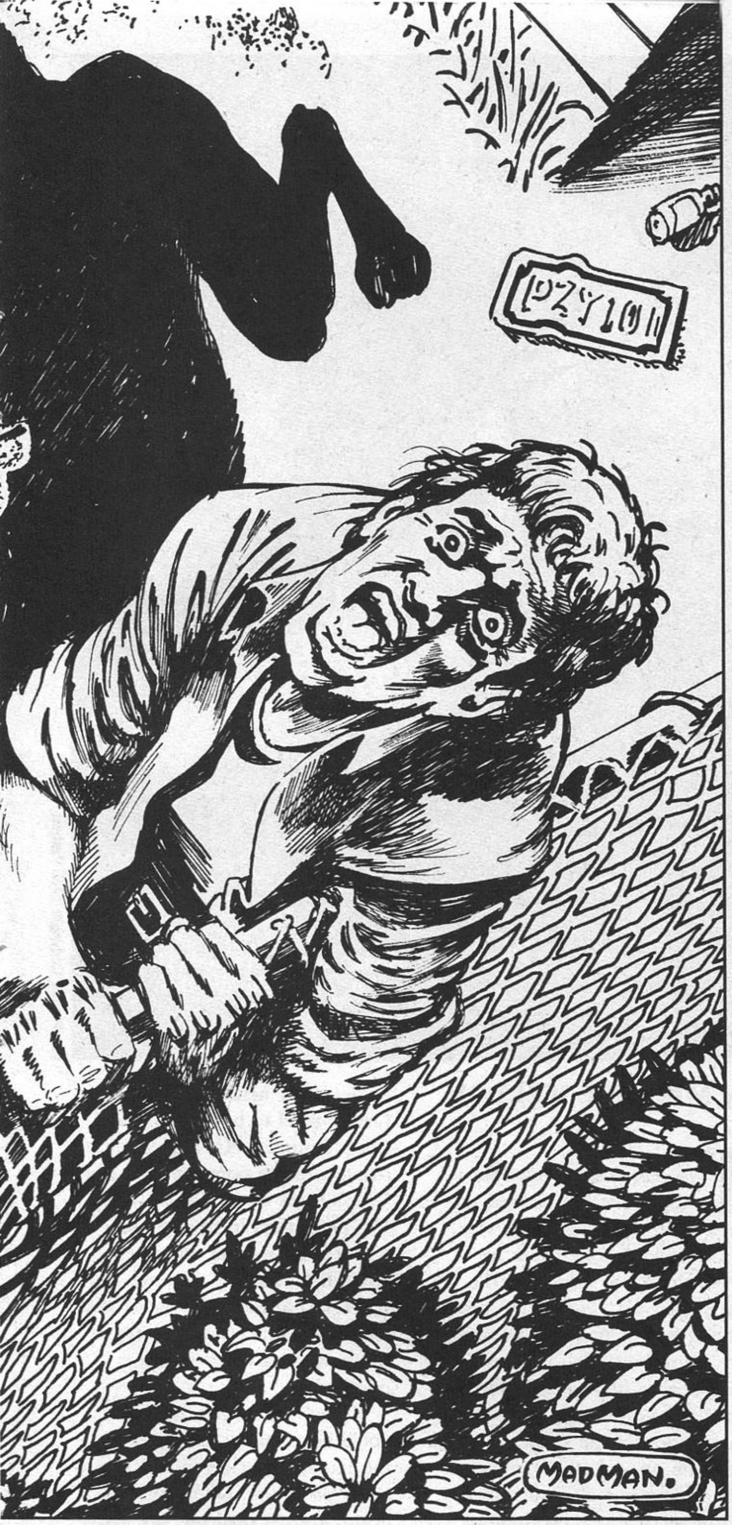
Just as Joe decided he'd have to stop and rest, he stepped from the trees and underbrush into a small clearing.

Crooter was waiting for him in front of a clapboard shack with a rusted tin roof. The building looked even older than the old man.

"Bring Jake Boy over here."

The old man turned and walked away and Joe followed him around the side of the house.

Crooter stopped in front of the gate of a chainlink fence that looked almost as tall as the shack. The fence enclosed an area of hard-packed earth about 45 feet square, in the center of which stood a large shed. It was obviously a kennel.



"If you would, just take Jake Boy in there and bury him in yonder far corner. I'll go fetch a shovel."

Swinging the gate open, Crooter stood aside. Joe carried the dog into the enclosure, let the animal slide off his shoulder and deposited it as gently as possible on the ground. It seemed that every bone and muscle in his body screamed in aching torment, and he had trouble straightening up. *Now I know what an overloaded pack mule feels like*! he thought, wiping sweat off his brow with the back of his hand.

The gate slammed shut with a jangling crash, and Joe spun around. Crooter snapped a large padlock on the gate, then crooked his fingers through the chain links. He clung to the fence like an ancient vulture.

"Jake Boy," the old man called, then made a clucking sound with his tongue. "Wake up, now."

The large dog at Joe's feet stirred. Then it jumped up, shook itself from head to tail, and trotted over to its master, nuzzling the tips of Crooter's fingers.

"I got him trained good, wouldn't you say?" Crooter scratched the dog's head and the animal's tail thumped against the dusty ground. "He's just a young'un, you know. Barely six months old. But he's already a lot smarter than his mama and daddy, Red Bugger and Black Jane. He can roll over, fetch things, sit up and beg for his victuals—and run out on the road and throw himself under a car so's it'll hit him but won't hurt him none. And you've already seen how good he can play dead. I named him Jake Boy, but I shoulda called him Decoy."

"Hey," Joe said. "What's going on here, Mister Crooter?" He started toward the gate.

The old man made the clucking sound again. The dog dropped to its belly and began inching toward Joe, its ears laid back. It growled ominously.

"Best *you* settle down, young fellow." There was a sharp edge to the old man's voice. "Jake Boy's young, but he weighs near 70 pounds and can maul you something fierce if I tell him to."

Joe stopped in his tracks and stood very still. The turn of events had been so sudden, so bizarre, that he felt as though he had fallen into a waking nightmare.

"Look," Joe said, keeping his voice calm and low for fear of antagonizing either the old man or the dog. "You don't want to do this. I've got to get home and feed my own dogs. You know how it is with dogs, right? They depend on you. Now, call off Jake Boy and let me out of here. OK?"

Crooter peered solemnly through the fence, then slowly shook his head.

"I sure do sympathize with you. You seem to be a man who likes dogs near as much as I do. That being the case, I guess you know I got to keep mine fed. You're the first to come along that old road in three days. They're getting mighty hungry."

The old man rubbed his stomach and grinned at Joe.

"I got to go in now and fix me a bite to eat. All these goings-on always tire me out and bring a terrible gut hunger. Been nice talking with you."

Before Joe could protest, Crooter stuck two fingers in his mouth and emitted an ear-shattering whistle.

Jake Boy's ears shot up. He jumped to his feet and began salivating.

Crooter waved to Joe, then turned and walked away toward the shack.

Joe heard another sound, from behind him. He glanced over his shoulder at the shed. There was a large opening in the side of the structure, and he saw movement in the shadows inside.

A searing pain shot up Joe's leg. He looked down in horror and realized that Jake Boy had clamped his jaws on his left calf. He kicked out, reflexively, tearing his leg out of the dog's mouth, leaving part of his trousers and a chunk of flesh between Jake Boy's teeth.

He jumped over the dog, which was now contentedly chewing on part of his leg, and made a frantic dash for the fence. The wound on his leg throbbed painfully and his racing heart pounded thunder in his ears.

Joe ran full-tilt into the chainlink fence and bounced

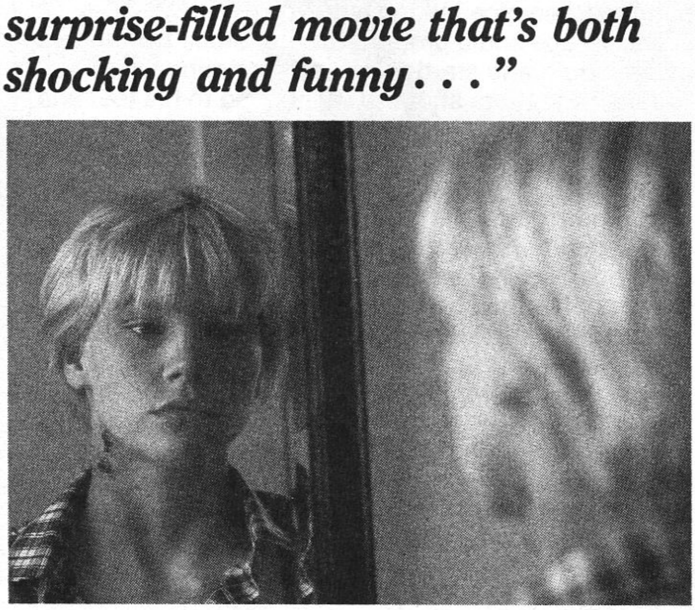
(continued on page 65)

High priestess Amanda Donohoe will be sorry she did this.

Lair Photos: Copyright 1988 Vestron

Ken Russell's The LAIR of the White Worm

"...a fun, visually great, surprise-filled movie that's both shocking and funny..."



Ever notice how those ugly vampire bites always appear right before a big date?

By MICHAEL WELDON

The Lair of the White Worm might not be the best title for a horror movie, but it was Bram Stoker's idea when he wrote the novel back in 1911, 14 years after his *Dracula*, the best-known horror novel of all time, was published. The famous Irish-born author was suffering from Bright's disease (chronic inflammation of the kidneys) when he came up with this fantastic tale of pagan snake worshippers, virgin sacrifices, slain dragons and a vampire-like snake woman.

The fact that notorious British director Ken Russell decided to modernize Stoker's last novel and bring it to the screen makes it a notable event. Russell, as producer, director and screenwriter, has given us a fun, visually great, surprise-filled movie that's both shocking and funny. The only trouble is, most people can't figure out when Russell is being serious. He's known for depicting famous historical figures (Mahler, Liszt, Valentino, Mary Shelley, etc.) as decadent neurotics and worse. Critics tend to hate even his finest features. His biggest hit (thanks to the popularity of The Who's "rock opera") was *Tommy*. His best effort in my opinion was *The Devils*, the ultimate witch-hunt movie, although his LSD/devolution epic *Altered States* looks much more interesting to me now than when it was released.

If you've seen any of those, you'll be partially prepared for the Russell touches in *The Lair of the White Worm*. Characters argue a great deal but say some very funny sarcastic things. There are scenes that should satisfy most GOREZONE readers (namely, a woman cut in half and a cop's eye gouged out), but a few others are just too silly for words. Two reasons you should go out of you way to see *Worm* are its mindblowing hallucination sequences and the performance of Amanda Donohoe as Lady Sylvia Marsh, the high priestess of the worm. The several nightmarish visions (one involves the crucifixion of Christ, a serpent and impaled nuns) must have taken more time, care and money than the rest of the movie combined. You'll probably want to see them again.

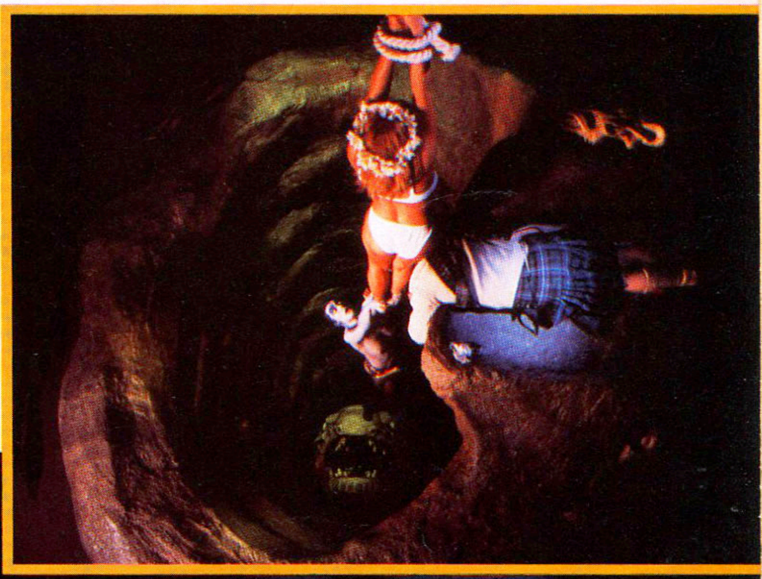
Donohoe is known to some for co-starring with Oliver Reed in Nicolas Roeg's *Castaway*. As a viciously funny, venom-spewing snake woman living in a British country mansion, she turns neighbors into snake people, seduces and kills an underage boy, and has the task of finding female virgins to sacrifice to the giant serpent living in a nearby cave. She wears incredible clothes, takes them off a lot, and has a beautifully leering face. She even appears during a dream in a girl fight scene as a stewardess. And would you believe she owns a CD player?

Hugh Grant portrays the young Lord whose ancestors are known for having slain a dragon; if you're old enough to remember the Dave Clark Five, Grant looks sorta like singer Mike Smith. Peter Capaldi, who made me think of Harold Ramis in *Ghostbusters*, is a Scottish archaeology student who discovers a large unclassifiable skull. These two rival would-be heroes try to help two recently orphaned sisters who run a Bed and Breakfast inn. Pretty Catherine Oxenberg is related to British royalty in real life, but seems pretty ordinary compared to the other more interesting characters. Her sister is played by Sammi Davis (no relation to Frank Sinatra's Candy Man), an interesting and very enthusiastic actress who was also good in *Hope and Glory*. It's worth it just listening to her call people "daft" and "bonkers." Everybody in the cast has a very distinct British (or Scottish) accent, and the class system still determines how they treat each other.

When we finally get to see the legendary giant worm/serpent, it does indeed resemble one of the sand worms from *Dune*, but it's really well done. This and other FX are by Image Animation, also responsible for super work in both *Hellraiser* movies and *Waxwork*. Anybody could enjoy *The Lair of the White Worm*, even without getting several cinema in-jokes, like the reference to *Citizen Kane* and nods to several of Russell's own movies. The silent film clip, by the way, is from a short by George Melies.

Ken Russell hasn't had a real hit in years. If this one makes it at the box office, I'd welcome a sequel, as long as Donohoe returns as Lady Sylvia. ✸

Well, whichever one of you is going to fall down the pit, could you please hurry up about it? That worm is hungry!



What's the real horror—the fangs, the guts, or that awful print dress?

PROFILE

Eager not to hurt the young star's feelings, director Tom Holland searches for the kindest words to criticize Chucky.

Child's Photos: Peter Sorel/Copyright 1988 UA

TOM HOLLAND:

WHO FRAMED CHUCKY THE DOLL?

By KIM HOWARD JOHNSON

"It takes a high level of skill to write and direct a really good horror film."

Photo: United Artists

Holland's first screenplay, *The Beast Within*, showed that his heart was in the right place.

Awww, Holland wouldn't let Chucky hurt innocent little Andy, would he?

The disappointing news comes first: The toy store won't be exploding until the end of the week. Not only that, but the stuntman won't be yanked from the balcony and pulled to the center of the store until late that night. The full-scale toy store set on Chicago's West Side looks almost benign, aside from the normal scurrying about of the *Child's Play* crew.

In fact, the possibility of boredom looms large—until Brad (*Blue Velvet*) Dourif walks past, dripping blood from a gunshot wound. Even the toys themselves begin to appear more sinister, especially the dozens of "Good Guys" dolls in boxes on the balcony. In fact, one of these dolls is about to become a walking, talking killer, thanks to director and co-writer Tom (*Fright Night*) Holland, with a little help from Freddy makeup man Kevin Yagher, and a voodoo ceremony.

While the unit prepares to shoot Dourif's voodoo chant, the director sits calmly behind his video monitor and talks about Chucky, possibly the most sophisticated movie puppet ever made, and probably the most twisted. "I've always wanted to do a story about a doll or dolls that come alive," says Holland. "And for a long time, I've wanted to touch on voodoo. I have the childhood memory that most of us have, where our toys frightened us at one time or another. I felt there was something very primal about a human effigy—a figure in the form of a human being—coming to life. It embodies one of my favorite themes: the corruption of innocence, where nobody believes you. The more you try to tell people what's happening, the less they believe you. I love that situation."

That theme, which Holland utilized to some extent in *Fright Night* and some of his earlier screenplays like *Psycho II*, *Cloak and Dagger* and *The Beast Within*, is used to set the suspense in *Child's Play*.

"What's very different about this film is that it stars adults," Holland explains. "It's more of a psychological thriller than a horror movie. It's an adult film. This is not a junk food movie." Nevertheless, Holland says there will certainly be enough here to satisfy horror fans. Although one torture/murder sequence (in which Chucky rides his victim like a bucking bronco as he chokes him) was dropped in favor of a less sadistic slaying, Chucky manages to rack up a respectable body count.

"There will be a couple of sequences that should satisfy any gore addict, and I know they're out there," Holland smiles. "But *Child's Play* isn't really about that. It's about slow-building terror."

His psychopathic puppet is not as farfetched as it once would have been, Holland says, especially with the ultrasophisticated electronics used in kid's toys today. "Chucky is like one of those very sophisticated dolls that were selling last Christmas for about $150, with the animatronic computer chips inside them," he judges. "They do everything—walk, talk, blink their eyes, move their heads and mouths, answer voice commands—almost as though they're alive. So therefore, when Andy, the little boy, starts insisting that his doll is alive, everybody thinks he's just taking it one step too far."

Even though Holland has done much of his work within the horror genre—his previous screenplay credits also include *Scream for Help* and *Class of 1984*—he says *Fright Night* doesn't have much in common with *Child's Play*. "This does have elements of comedy in it, but I don't think it's as funny as *Fright Night*," he feels. "*Child's Play* is much more adult and mature. It's got much more of *Rosemary's Baby* in it; in fact, we were thinking of calling it *Rosemary's Baby's Doll*," he laughs. "This is maximum creepiness."

Despite his work in the genre, Holland asserts that he is offered a much broader range of projects than strictly horror films, and thus isn't worried about being branded a splatter director. "Labels are tricky," he maintains. "I don't do horror films, I think of them as psychological suspense. I also do very highly structured stories, not excuses for gratuitous violence. I look for people I can care about, vulnerable people I can put into fantastic situations and then keep grounded in reality. That makes the audience more willing to suspend their disbelief with a leap into the void.

"I like tension," Holland goes on. "At the end of the first act, one needs to kill somebody so the audience knows the stakes are for real. But once I've established how pernicious and dangerous my villain is, I can play off of that. I don't have to be graphic until the end. I love suspense, but in order to make that work, I need very believable stories, situations and people. One of the things I love about horror films is that they're a chance to be visually stylish. There's a real opportunity for a director to use a camera. Gore films just bore me. Au-

Trapped in a toy store, Brad Dourif does that voodoo thang on Chucky the doll.

Good Guys
Good Guys
Good

diences have to care about people in order to be afraid for them. It takes a high level of skill to write and direct a really good horror film."

His fans will agree that Holland meets the requirements, as will his co-workers. Chris Sarandon, who played vampire Jerry Dandridge in *Fright Night*, Holland's first directorial effort, returns here as a police detective determined to pin a series of murders on a 6-year-old boy. Sarandon says the director has changed somewhat from his first movie. "Tom seems a little more confident in what he's doing, assured in his abilities," he observes. "They've always been there, but with his third picture here, he has more of a sense of what he can do."

Sarandon points out that he and Holland became good friends on *Fright Night*, and work together well because of that. "We've got our own shorthand," the actor notes. "There are things he offers me that help me in my characterizations, and there are things I can offer Tom to help the picture. It's a real symbiotic relationship."

Mechanical FX supervisor Rich Helmer also praises Holland, as much for his screenwriting as for his direction. (Holland shares the *Child's Play* screenplay credit with Don Mancini and John LaFia.) "When I first read this script, I was working on another shoot high atop a mountain, and I was sucked in by it!" Helmer raves. "I'm intrigued by Tom because of the way he writes."

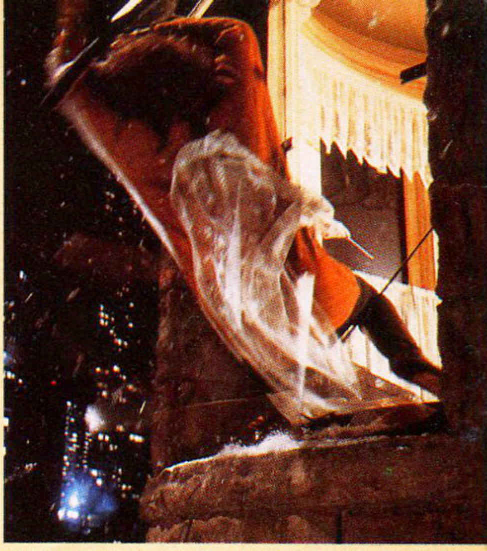
Holland, who graduated from UCLA with a law degree, began his theatrical career as an actor, appearing in three soap operas and over 200 commercials, along with film and prime time TV work. Once Holland sold his first screenplay, 1982's mediocre *The Beast Within*, he put his acting aside to concentrate on other pursuits. "I love to write and direct," he explains. "Acting is fun, but it's not as emotionally fulfilling."

After directing his second feature, the violent Whoopi Goldberg actioner *Fatal Beauty*, Holland became so involved with *Child's Play* that he probably wouldn't have had time to direct *Fright Night—Part 2*, had he been asked. "I didn't own the sequel rights," he shrugs. "But I've been so busy here. . . Herb Jaffe is producing it. He's a good friend, and I wish him the best. I'm sure it'll be very good."

The director claims he knows very little about the sequel, though he offers one thought about how he would have sequelized it: "I probably would have continued working off Evil Ed's character. The stake was pulled out of him, so he was able to come back."

He does not sound as charitable when asked about his script for Michael (*The Sentinel*) Winner's barely-seen thriller *Scream for Help*. "That's what started me directing," Holland frowns. "That was a terrific script, and the movie is unreleasable. It was a funny, humane script, and none of that got on the screen. I walked in the theater and got physically ill when I first saw it. Such a disappointment."

Child's Play is a much happier experience, however. Following Chucky around Chicago has proven fun for Holland, who praises the city's locations. "I was looking for a city that had some sort of threat—bite, grime, grimness—not far from middle class areas," he reveals. "I wanted to be able to have Andy go from his mother's house with the doll leading him around town. He ends up in the worst section of town, and he's totally innocent! He doesn't know, as he walks through the whores and the dope pushers and everything else in the bombed-out buildings. He has *no* idea. I love the image of a little boy with this big doll toddling down the street, with the doll telling him where to go. Chicago gave me that wide range, from the beautiful and safe to very dangerous areas."



Here's one way to see the Chicago skyline.

The director smiles and apologizes for the lack of explosions today. Chucky manages to cause several blasts during his murderous spree, such as one scene where the possessed doll enters an enemy's house. "He blows out the pilot light and turns on the gas, then gets the guy he hates to come in firing his gun," Holland laughs.

> "I don't do horror films, I think of them as psychological suspense."

Holland declares with tongue in cheek that he will market a *Child's Play* "Good Guys" doll, as he walks over to direct his voodoo ceremony.

"Sure" he nods. "Give it to your boss and it kills him. Buy a 'Good Guy' doll. It does everything. It walks, it talks, it laughs, and it kills!" ●

"Hey, Chucky," says Andy. "Let's play 'Gang Rumble.' "

Even if Holland swears *Child's Play* isn't a slasher flick, Chucky sure knows how to rack up a body count.

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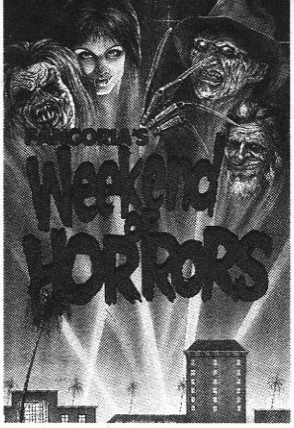

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WATCHDOG

(continued from page 19)

ruined by zoomy, unfocused cinematography and arbitrary editing that hardly keeps track of the actors. Only 68 minutes long, the film leaves literally nothing of Ms. Romay to the imagination. Phil Hardy's *Encyclopedia of Horror Movies* cites *The Midnight Party* as an alternate title for *Erotikill* (1973), but this is incorrect.

Gemidous de Placer (1982; Viva/Unicorn)

That's "Moans of Pleasure" in English, and this near-plotless, semihard-core effort is, appropriately, an intense (if not intensive) study of the symbiotic relationships between pleasure and pain, sex and death. Lina Romay plays Julia, who arrives to spend a weekend with a male admirer at his Mediterranean villa, where he introduces her to his dominatrix wife, his "housekeeper/secretary/lover," and a nameless, stammering idiot who serenades the highlights of their ensuing orgy with flamenco guitar. In two of the most fascinatingly, horrifically over-the-top scenes in Franco's career, two of the participants die amid the dire straits of their horny homework.

The Spanish dialogue is minimal, making the film unusually comprehensible to English-speaking viewers. Beautifully photographed and well-scored by Franco and Pablo Villa, the film is supposedly based on a tale by the Marquis de Sade. This is powerful and unsettling material, whatever the source, and a welcome return to the "death as desire" themes Franco has largely neglected since the mid-1970s. Franco must have agreed; it's one of the few adult movies signed with his real name.

Two Female Spies With Flowered Panties (198?; ?)

Frank Henenlotter reports this curiosity, most likely *La Chica de las Bragas Transparentes* ("The Chick in the See-Through Shorts," 1981). Super-rare Venezuelan bootleg, recorded at LP speed. Bad quality, but at least it's in English.

In closing, I'll mention that these three articles are not intended as a definitive appraisal of Jess Franco's work (which I doubt we'll ever see, considering the sheer volume of it), but rather as a foundation for selective home viewing. If Gorezonians can add titles to these Franco videographies, send them in and we'll make your name and discoveries public in future Watchdog columns. ✹

FICTION

(continued from page 55)

off. Scrambling to his feet, he clutched the criss-crossed wire and pulled himself up. His mind was a blur of panic and confusion. Terror guided his actions, and before he realized it, he found himself at the top of the fence.

He was going to make it! Damn the old man. Damn that freakish Jake Boy. Damn whatever it was he had seen moving in the shadows of the shed. In a few more seconds, he'd be over the fence. Then he would head straight for the shack and wring that crazy old bastard's scrawny neck! He would have to do that, in self-defense, because if the old man let Jake Boy out—

Joe swung one leg over the fence and snagged his pant leg on the wire. Struggling to free his leg, he caught a movement out of the corner of his eye. A huge shape bounded across the ground to him.

At first he thought it was a grizzly bear. It was big enough to be one. Then he saw it was a dog—the biggest damn dog he had ever seen! And beyond, emerging from the shed, was another dog, larger even than the monstrous beast racing toward him.

Joe gave a tremendous heave, trying to throw himself over and clear of the fence. An instant later the huge dog hit the chainlink fence with such force that Joe was thrown upward. The sky changed places with the ground several times as he tumbled through the air. Then he hit the ground with a sodden thud.

Joe awoke with a throbbing headache.

"You was out quite a spell."

The old man's face came into view, close to Joe's. Joe tried to turn his head away, but couldn't. He couldn't move anything. He was numb from head to toe.

"Bunged up your spine and paralyzed yourself when Black Jane knocked you off the fence. You darn near got away, so I decided not to throw you back to the dogs. You got a lot of spunk and I've taken a liking to you."

Crooter looked over his shoulder at the kennel.

"I'm taking the dogs back down to the road. Maybe if we get lucky, somebody else'll come along to take your place in the kennel. 'Course, if nobody comes . . . Well, the dogs'll have to be fed. Nothing personal, you understand, but I'll have to give them another go at you."

The old man stepped off the porch, went to the kennel gate and unlocked it. "Come on out, you hungry mutts. Let's go hunting!"

As Crooter led his trio of monster dogs past the porch, where the young man sat helplessly, propped up in the old man's rocker, Jake Boy looked up at Joe and wagged his tail. ●

Nightmares, Newcomers and Magic Numbers

Actually, old dreams die easily, for some people. Newer kinds can hurt more but go, like *that*, just as surely. One kind of dream that hangs around and tends to perish only when the person does is the aspiration to write for a living. Spellbinding, shake-'em-up and make-'em-notice-you stories so memorable and fresh that people marvel over how daringly cool, excitingly original and startlingly inventive you were 50 or 100 years after you've bottomed out 6 feet down.

I know because I was there, 40 years old without a novel to my name. Just a guy with old dreams sticking to me like a coaster to a glass. A decade and a half later, more than 30 novels have my name adhering to them, plus a dozen other kinds of books. I tried to choke the dream away, and all it would do was become a nightmare—a very long, fictional nightmare.

Welcome Jerry Williamson II, a supernatural Super Bowl sequel getting started, and just as old. Bobby G. Warner is his name. Bobby G. and I are both about 16 years of age when it comes to imaginative ideas, images as dark as your reflection in an oil drum, the urge to show you shocking, unsettling, sinister situations and characters you have never run across before, thank God, corruption and creeps that make you glad to hang around among the living, the way some old dreams do.

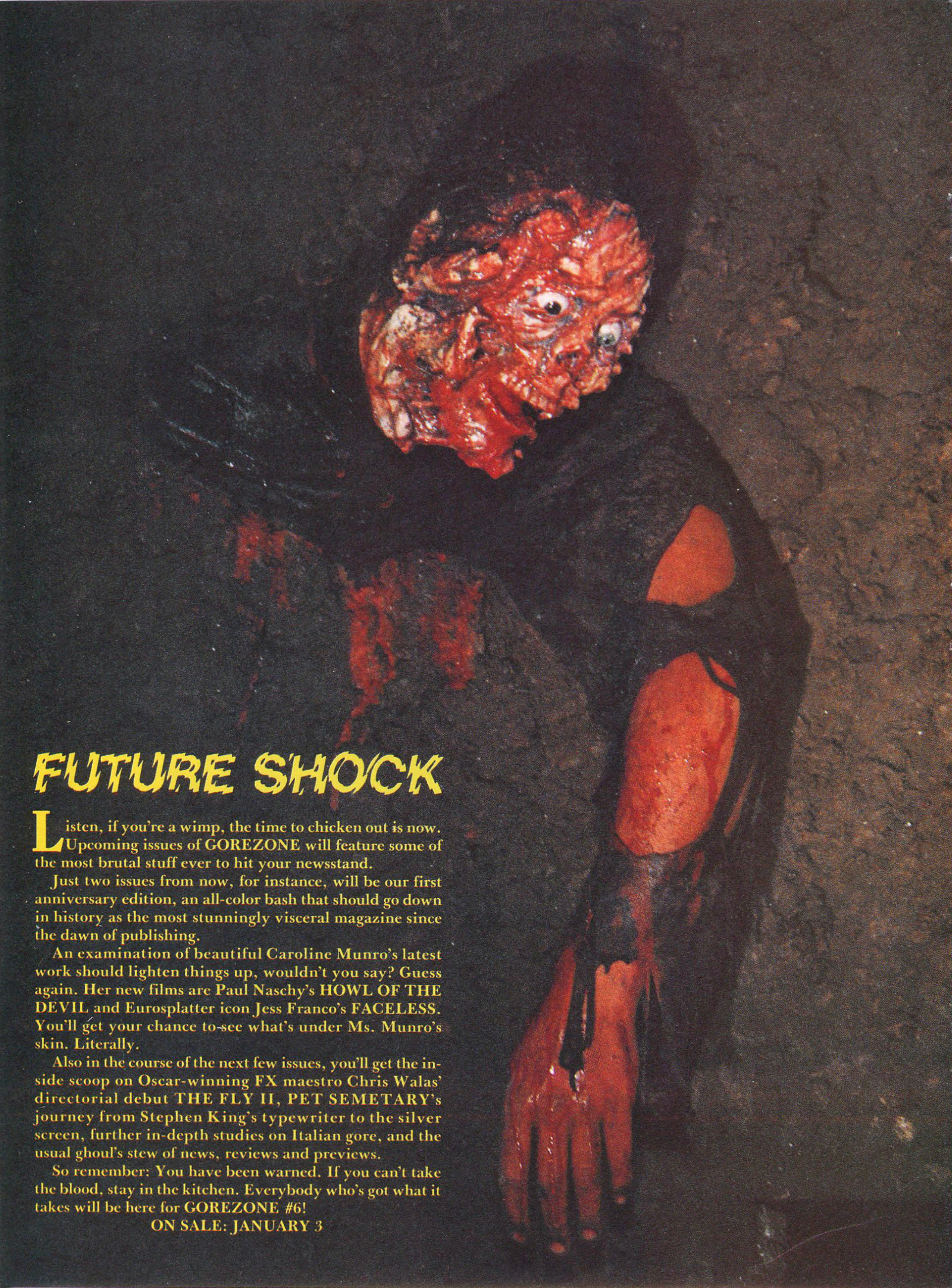
Since late in 1984, this South Carolina ex-Air Force career man has flown on the pterodactyl wings of a lifelong ambition to write and has already appeared in *Mike Shayne's*, *2AM*, *Deathrealm*, *Grue*, *New Blood* and *Sycophant*. He's clicked, quick, with over 200 yarns and poems. Sometimes it's hard for B.G. to recall Saudi Arabia and the other more or less real places he's been, because where he dares to go now, in imagination, is even more fantastic and fascinating. Soon, you will find three of his horror tales in *Shock Treatment*; from Baker Street Publications will come a dozen more, in his own collection.

So this is a sample—the way a spoonful of prussic acid or half an hour in a badly haunted house are samples. "Crooter's Dogs" won't win the U.S. Kennel Club Pal of the Year award, but it will take Bobby G. one step closer to fulfilling his dreams—while it gives *you* a nifty nightmare.

Actually, that's not a bad swap, if you dig dreams, dogs and all-out horror.

—J.N. Williamson

Bobby G. Warner and friend.



FUTURE SHOCK

Listen, if you're a wimp, the time to chicken out is now. Upcoming issues of GOREZONE will feature some of the most brutal stuff ever to hit your newsstand.

Just two issues from now, for instance, will be our first anniversary edition, an all-color bash that should go down in history as the most stunningly visceral magazine since the dawn of publishing.

An examination of beautiful Caroline Munro's latest work should lighten things up, wouldn't you say? Guess again. Her new films are Paul Naschy's HOWL OF THE DEVIL and Eurosplatter icon Jess Franco's FACELESS. You'll get your chance to see what's under Ms. Munro's skin. Literally.

Also in the course of the next few issues, you'll get the inside scoop on Oscar-winning FX maestro Chris Walas' directorial debut THE FLY II, PET SEMETARY's journey from Stephen King's typewriter to the silver screen, further in-depth studies on Italian gore, and the usual ghoul's stew of news, reviews and previews.

So remember: You have been warned. If you can't take the blood, stay in the kitchen. Everybody who's got what it takes will be here for GOREZONE #6!

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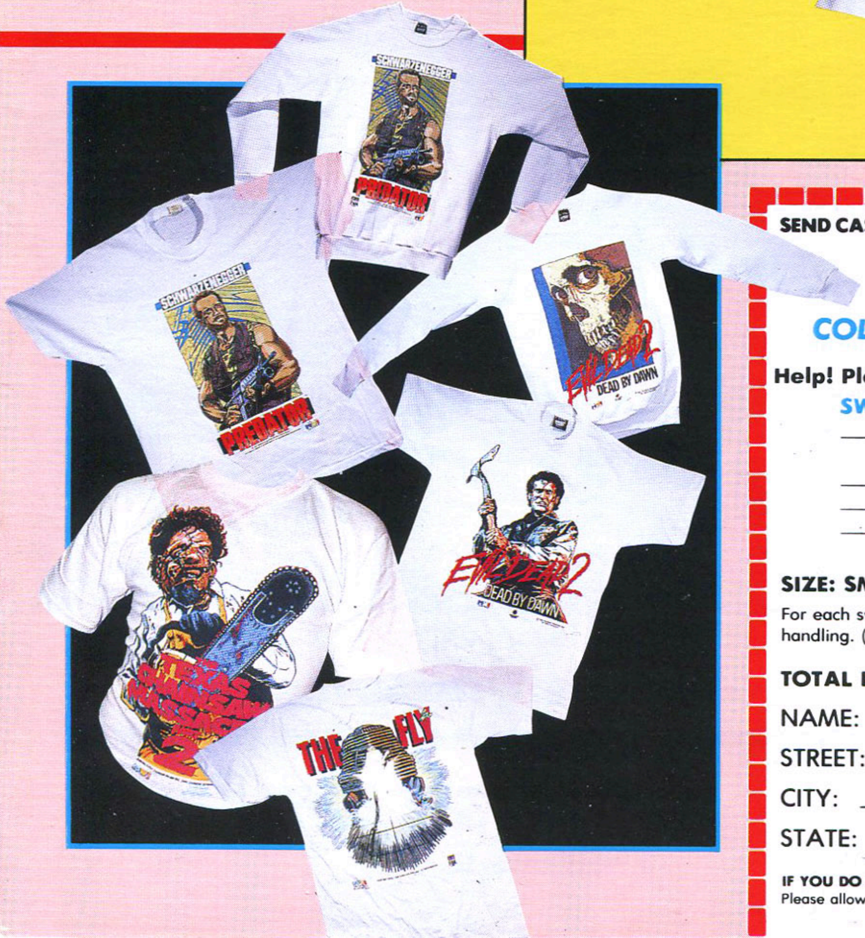
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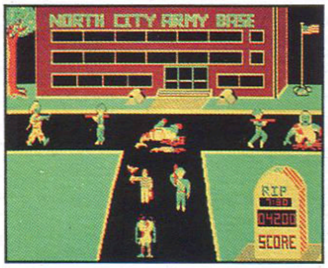

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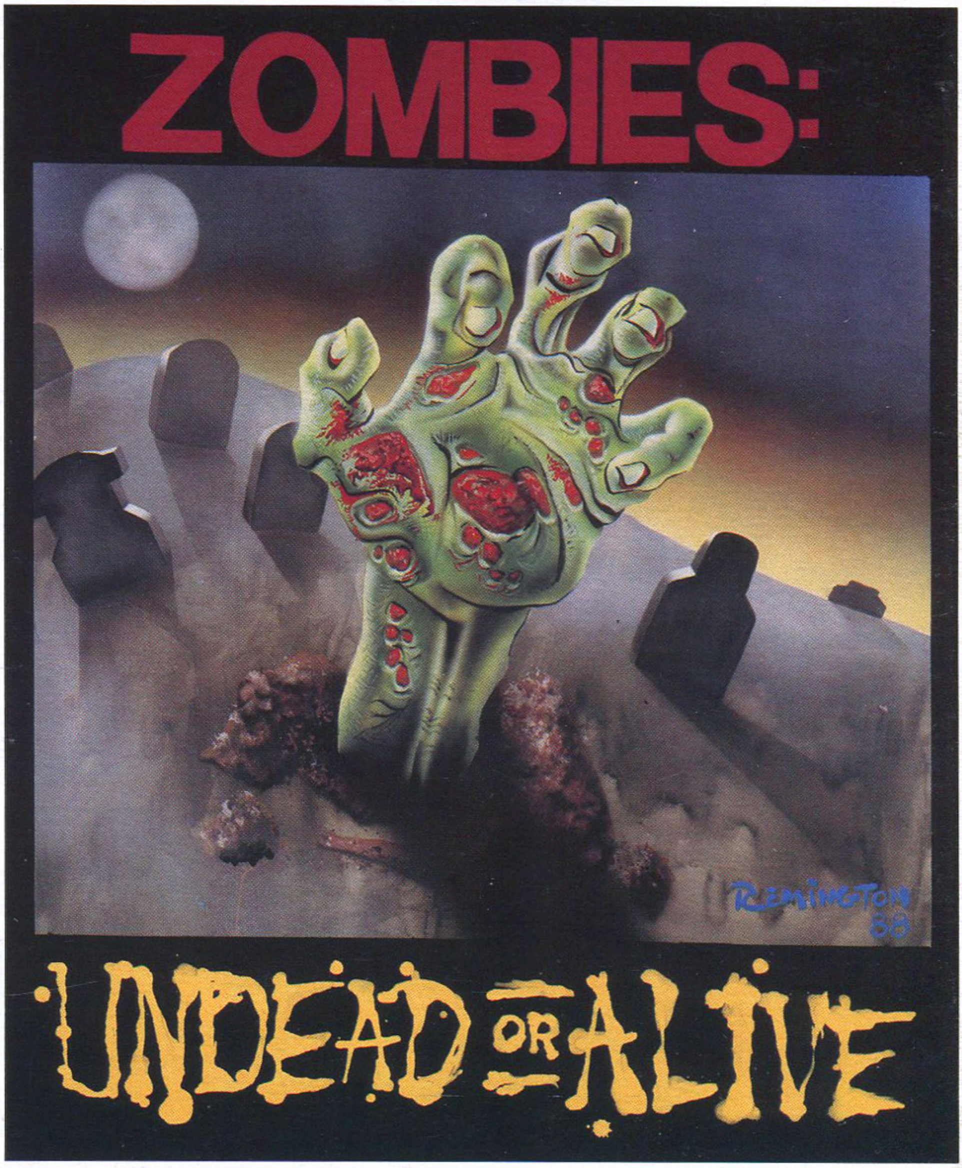

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